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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK ... ..	97-100
AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR—Kim ... ..	101-102
THE REHEARSAL—Saturday Reviewer ... ..	102-103
WELSH SUNRISE—Hamadryad ... ..	104
AN ENGLISHMAN IN THE LEGION ... ..	105
THE THRILL OF SUCCESS—T. Campbell Black ... ..	106-107
PLEBISCITE ON PLEBISCITE—Robert Machray ... ..	108
THE DRIFT FROM THE CHARTER—Special Correspondent ... ..	109
PAVING THE WAY TO SOCIALISM—Quintex ... ..	110
EVE IN PARIS ... ..	111

	PAGE
WHAT PRICE RANDOLPH CHURCHILL?—Lady Houston, D.B.E., ... ..	112-113
O'REILLY SEES IT THROUGH—Hamish Blair ... ..	113-116
THEATRE NOTES ... ..	116
BOOK REVIEWS ... ..	117
CORRESPONDENCE ... ..	118-119
CINEMA ... ..	120
MUSIC—Herbert Hughes ... ..	120
MOTORING—Sefton Cummings ... ..	121
BROADCASTING—Alan Howland ... ..	122
THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK ... ..	123-126
CITY ... ..	127-128

Notes of the Week

Up Conservatives!

A real Conservative lead—Lady Houston has been crying from the housetops for months past, indeed, ever since this ill-omened "National" Government was formed, that what the country had voted for at the last election, and what it needed to awaken it from its apathy was a down-right Conservative policy. Not a voice in the Press supported her. Now at last a candidate has come forward—Mr. Randolph Churchill—who has had the courage to stand not as an independent or otherwise qualified Conservative, but as a real Conservative, and already his challenge has aroused enthusiasm, which justifies Lady Houston's confidence through and through. His "National" opponent has so little claim to the title of Conservative that the word Conservative does not even appear on his posters.

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The Caucus Candidate

Mr. Randolph Churchill, who is fighting all-comers at Wavertree, is saying many bright things which should open the eyes of the electors before polling day. One of his best "eye-openers" was this: "I am the Conservative candidate and Mr. Platt is standing as the supporter of a Socialist Prime Minister. He is what I should call a caucus candidate." As Mr. Platt has not known what to call himself, wobbling between "National," "Conservative National," and "National Conservative," the name "caucus" will stick. As Mr. Churchill has also discerned, "the old duds" in Parliament have had their day. All the best elements in Conservatism are fighting to help him to win the seat and he is full of confidence.

The Church "Militant"

The *Saturday Review* has lately been calling upon the dignitaries of the Church of England to take up a stand worthy of their high calling in the war against religion pursued by Soviet Russia. There has been no reply. Lady Houston last week reminded the Archbishop and Bishops who urged Christian citizens to sign the Peace at any Price Ballot that they are members of the Church Militant here in earth. How can they cry "peace, peace," while all that they hold most sacred is being trampled under foot and the declared enemies of Christ are waging war against the world?

..

The MacDonaldites Prospects

The Prime Minister's "up, up, up" and "down, down, down," are unhappily likely to be of the latter variety so far as the number of his personal followers are concerned in the House of Commons. The local Tories of Central Cardiff have no more use for Sir Ernest Bennett and have told him so, frankly and brutally. At Norwich, Bolton, Blackburn, and Sunderland, the same sad tale of lack of appreciation proceeds. *The Daily Herald*, which has instituted an inquiry into the chances of the MacDonaldites in the remaining twelve constituencies they grace, has found out that every one of these seats is considered unsafe, but possibly "Jim" Thomas may get back from Derby, although the odds are against him even there. The Socialists will not touch him with a barge-pole and very few of the Conservatives have the slightest use for the man who grovels to de Valera.

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L.G.'s "New Deal"

The only excuse for Mr. Lloyd George's much boosted "New Deal" speech at Bangor, is that he has drawn attention to the shocking neglect of

our agriculture. Once on a time the British agriculturist led the world and was the greatest force in stabilising the nation. To-day only seven per cent. of the population work on the land as against thirty per cent. in the great European countries, a very serious matter. What agriculture needs beyond all is a tariff, and Mr. Lloyd George is ready to be ruthless about tariffs, he says, but who trusts him? It is clear that his campaign, which he describes as non-party, will not help the present Government. If he is not out to influence "marginal seats," he means the Tory agricultural seats. Lord Snowden has thrown his weight in on Mr. Lloyd George's side. They are near neighbours and friends, and when Lord Snowden says nothing is to be expected from the Micawbers in office, well, we can see the way the wind is blowing. And it is not towards Ramsay MacDonald and Company.

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#### Muscovite Mac

Socialist Mac., in Newcastle, in his rasping and petulant way, attacked "a certain section of the press," for what he called its distortion of news. He thinks there is a great deal too much propaganda going on. He termed it a "great moral issue." He meant, of course, the press that was unfriendly to him and the Government. Our withers are unwrung, for we could instance certain organs of the press, supposed to be highly dignified and respectable, whose one-sided propagandist policy is notorious. The Prime Minister is understood to run his own organ, under the edifying editorship of his friend, Lord Elton, and that is a pro-MacDonaldite propaganda sheet and nothing else.

What he really means is that if he could he would suppress every newspaper that failed to see eye to eye with himself on the approved lines of the Muscovite Press. Has it occurred to him that propaganda against his Government is because editors have their hand on the pulse of their readers and must give them what they want or lose their circulation? But what a case of the Devil rebuking sin!

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#### Eloquent Silence

When the Viceroy, in his speech to the Indian Princes, denied emphatically that he or any of his officers had brought pressure on them to submit to Federation, his *démenti*, we are told, was received by the Princes in absolute silence. It was an eloquent silence, and Lord Willingdon must have known what it signified. Empire-breakers have to suffer many humiliations and the Viceroy, in his eminent position, should have felt keenly that the silence of the Princes meant that he was not regarded as innocent of the charges brought against him. After all, it was Sir Akbar Hydari, Minister to the Nizam, who first let out the secret of the pressure being

put on the Princes when he declared that His Majesty's Government had "slowly and surely pressed us into the Federation" and was "relentlessly holding us to it."

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#### Japanese Foreign Policy

Mr. Hirota, the Japanese Foreign Minister, has just issued at Tokyo a statement of the foreign policy of his country that should command general attention, as it goes a long way to clarify the situation in the Far East. He admitted that the state of China still caused anxiety, but he declared this was due largely to the Communists, who were bent on the Sovietisation of huge tracts in the provinces and even of whole provinces. Disclaiming aggressive designs on China, he passed on to Japan's present relations with Soviet Russia which evidently are less strained than they were. Referring to "our former Ally, Great Britain," he said that there was no part of the globe where our trade interests could not be harmonised, and that a good understanding between Japan and England constituted a really important contribution to the peace of the world. He spoke in friendly terms of America. Altogether a notable document!

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#### Truth About Manchuria

An eye-witness of the Japanese régime in Manchuria spoke over the wireless last Saturday. She had been in Jehol, that most inaccessible of towns, and had a lot to say on the influences of Japanese rule which she had noticed. Japan has been the butt of many scurrilous attacks in regard to her policy in Manchuria, mostly from the lips of rabid pacifists who have never been near the country or studied the question. It is refreshing, therefore, to get really first-hand evidence as to what is really happening.

Order is appearing where all was once chaos. The bandit menace has been almost entirely wiped out. The population is no longer at the mercy of unscrupulous Chinese war lords. Hospitals and schools have made their appearance and Japanese research is winning the battle being waged against cholera and plague which previously were allowed to ravage the people unchecked. Manchuria has much to be thankful for in the Japanese control.

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#### Lord Londonderry as a Critic

An extraordinary Minister is Lord Londonderry. In a speech at Newcastle he criticised Mr. Lloyd George's "New Deal" as "exuberantly vague proposals," but said L.G. had come down definitely on the side of the Government. That is not the view of other people, but we suppose any recruit that can be claimed is better than none. But he also said that he was disappointed that Mr. Lloyd George said nothing about the air. As



"L.G." was talking mainly about a land policy and not about the air, the remark seems to be somewhat beside the point, but really Lord Londonderry may deem himself fortunate that nothing was said. Considering that our air defences are in the most deplorable condition and the Minister for Air is utterly complacent to see them so, the only thing "L.G." or anybody else could say, would have been the sooner Lord Londonderry makes way for an Air Minister who takes his job seriously, the better for the country.

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### Saar Reverberations

These appear to be sounding far afield—very much farther afield than could be supposed possible if anything like belief was attached to the recent statements of Sir John Simon and Mr. Anthony Eden respecting the great improvement in the international situation. According to them and the Government Press the general pacification of Europe was in sight—well, almost! Germany was coming into line, as France was showing herself less intransigent about armaments, and in any case her security had been increased by the pact with Mussolini. And so on and so forth!

Fond hope never told more flattering tale. For the instant effect of Herr Hitler's triumph in the Saar is not only a hardening of the German attitude on the armaments question, but a reaffirmation of those aims and claims, at the expense of neighbouring States, which were the chief feature of the early days of the Hitler regime, and caused general apprehension. Europe is again thrown into the region of reality, as M. Flandin and M. Laval will doubtless point out when they discuss the situation with our Government next week here in London.

And our Government? M. Barthou, when he was here some six or seven months ago, succeeded in impressing even so distressingly insensitive a person as Mr. Baldwin with the danger of the situation at that time because of the rearmament of Germany. That rearmament is very much more formidable now, and it is that fact which surely must be the main theme of the French Ministers at Downing Street, but it is to be feared that the result will be the usual Baldwin balderdash of "ifs and ands" with a disheartening minimum of positive achievement in increasing the military strength of the country.

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### An Irish Stew

Mr. de Valera seems set on carrying out his plan to degrade the unfortunate citizens of the Irish Free State. His Citizenship Bill has now passed its second reading in the Senate and should soon be on the statute book. Mr. de Valera's

bugbear seems to be the question of allegiance to the King. What he does not seem to realise is that members of the British Commonwealth of Nations do not swear allegiance to the King as King of Great Britain, but as Sovereign Head of the Empire.

It remains to be seen how much Mr. de Valera likes his new Republic when he has to foot the bill. He will find that he can no longer expect British consuls in foreign countries to extend the help to his nationals that they do at present. And the upkeep of an efficient consular service is an expensive hobby. Embassies, too, are not cheap. And how will Irishmen like the prospect of being treated as aliens in the British Empire?

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### That Abyssinian Affair

The conclusion of the meeting of the League Council this week has been attended by no flourish of trumpets. The Council decided that the Saar is to be handed over to Germany on March 1, but it made no provision whatever for the unfortunate people now pouring out of that territory whose crime was to uphold the *status quo*, that is, the League as a Government. It wound up the Hungarian-Yugoslav dispute with a strange and perfunctory expedition, but it did not touch the Italian-Abyssinian question—those who direct the League took very good care that it should not, the "Hush-Hush" method being once more brought into operation with all the customary skill. But we have not seen the end of this controversy. What we want to know is the precise standing of the Anglo-Ethiopian Boundary Commission—perhaps a Member will put a question about it when the House resumes?

\* \*

### A Servant of His Country

To look at him one would not believe that General Weygand is more than fifty, but he is actually sixty-eight, and as that is the age set for the retirement of French general officers he has ceased to be Vice-President of the Supreme War Council, the holder of that post being *ex officio* Generalissimo-Designate of the French Armies in time of war. In the official order of the Day announcing his retirement he is called "One of the greatest servants of his country," and it is a true saying, though it was his fate—and he was happy that it was so—to be second string to Foch during the most important part of his career. Weygand knows the Germans very well, and it was not surprising that he had little or no sympathy with the Briand school of French thought *vis-à-vis* Germany. To have France always ready was his great aim.

### Warships as Minelayers

The Admiralty is pushing forward the conversion of warships into minelayers with commendable speed. In addition to *Adventure*—the only vessel yet designed exclusively as a minelayer—monitors, cruisers and destroyers are being fitted out for this service. Some of the large submarines are also being converted. It has taken some years for the Admiralty to awaken to the value of the mine as a weapon both of offence and defence. One would have thought that the great losses we suffered during the late war from this cause would have been sufficient to point the lesson, yet it is more than sixteen years since the war ended.

At the same time, a great improvement in the mine itself is reported. This is particularly welcome news as it is no secret that the British mines were renowned for being the most inefficient in the world. Indeed, even by the end of the war, we were still producing mines of which a great proportion were duds. The new mine, which is still shrouded in secrecy, has several novel features, of which the most amazing is that it is sweep-proof!

♦♦

### Why Not British Ships?

When so much is being said about the difficulties which beset the great steamship companies, it is a little difficult to understand why no steps are being taken to exploit those places where British ships would be appreciated.

There is a steady volume of passenger traffic both to and from the West Indies, yet no British bid has been made to cater for it. Foreign steamship companies take the lion's share of the trade, because they have had the foresight to run a regular line of big and luxurious ships. Recently, two new German liners entered that service with the result that the numbers using British ships have sagged still further. This is an extraordinary state of affairs, especially as the West Indian Islands are British. The big steamship companies are clamouring for a subsidy, yet they neglect opportunities such as these. It is high time that the house of British passenger shipping were put in order.

♦♦

### Decrease in Idle Tonnage

The recently published figures of the total of shipping laid up in British ports makes better reading. The figure has dropped from 2,181,695 tons during the peak month of October 1932 to 864,922 on January 1st this year. These figures reflect the tendency of the freight market, which has shown a gradual improvement during the last two years.

This is in striking contrast to the Government policy of scrapping tonnage. No good can ever come of scrapping. It is pure waste of material

that has several years of useful life before it and forms a reserve of tonnage when need arises. The *Saturday Review* has always been a severe critic of the Government's policy in regard to the mercantile marine and it is gratifying to see these recent figures which indicate that the surplus tonnage is finding its way back into regular employment. Recovery is bound to be gradual, but it is wise to be prepared to take every advantage of it as it comes. The wholesale destruction recommended by the Government would have the sole result of weakening British shipping to such an extent that it could not share in the expansion of freights as the market improves.

♦♦

### "Too Late"—Then and Now

To-day is the fiftieth anniversary of the Fall of Khartum and of the death of General Gordon, and in recalling that tragedy one is inevitably reminded that it was through the blunders and shilly-shallying of the then British Government that this terrible disaster occurred and an exceedingly precious life was lost to the nation. As a popular song of the day recorded:

Too late! Yet Gordon's story  
A deathless charm imparts;  
He died for England's glory,  
He lives in England's hearts.

For the Government that acted too late to save this hero there was nothing but scorn, from the highest in the land to the lowest. Dr. Dearmer, who preached the sermon in the commemoration service at Westminster Abbey this week, found satisfaction in the thought that the hero had not died in vain, but that his death had led to the destruction of the Dervish rule of terror in the Sudan. Yet it was a heavy price to pay even for such a happy consummation.

To-day we have another Government preparing by their follies for another great betrayal, but this time it is the betrayal of the whole nation, not of a single life. If when some enemy takes advantage of our helpless position and the Government are at last moved into action, where will be then the consolation to follow the bitter cry of "Too late"?

♦♦

### The Red Air Fleet

In a newspaper article Mr. Louis Fischer, a well-known American journalist who is *persona grata* to the Soviet Government, discusses the Soviet Air Forces, and states that on January 1 of this year the Red Air Fleet consisted of 3,500 aeroplanes and 500 seaplanes! To these extremely formidable figures he adds approximately 2,500 civilian 'planes, which could be used in time of war. He tells us that the Soviet sees that its citizens are "air-minded," and it makes a practice of encouraging general parachuting.



# At the Eleventh Hour

By Kim

**B**RAVO, Randolph Churchill! This spirited chip of the old block, scion of the distinguished family which may perhaps proudly claim to have done more to fight "the old gang" in politics for many generations than any other in the land, has thrown down the gauntlet at Liverpool. And the result of the by-election will make history.

He has defied the local bosses, attacked the apathy and servility of the Lancashire members in the very heart of their country, roundly abused the party caucus, and has captured the imagination of the entire constituency and country. His audacity, independence and courage will certainly go a long way in the parts where formerly "F.E." first won his spurs.

We in the South who know him well are aware of his considerable gifts, exceptional in a young man only 23 years of age. He is already a force in the Press, he is an eloquent speaker with considerable experience of outdoor as well as indoor oratory, possesses a quick brain and he owes his readiness of Parliamentary wit to the incomparable advantage of being able from his boyhood days to sit at the feet of Gamaliel, his brilliant sire. Youth in his case is no deterrent, but of the greatest value, and already young and old are flocking to his banner of true Toryism, with enthusiastic unanimity.

## A Healthy East Wind

At the eleventh hour, just as the new surrenderist India Bill with its 400 clauses is to be presented to the House of Commons, in an atmosphere of nauseating miasma, a breeze blew from the north, as cleansing and as stimulating as an east wind. Randolph Churchill, sent to Liverpool to report on the progress of the by-election, found that the orthodox candidate, calling himself a "National Conservative," was not prepared to fight for the vital requirements of Lancashire trade in India.

Mr. Platt, from the first, has shown himself a weed and wobbler, and his latest confession that he is in favour of the Government's proposals to hand over India's teeming millions to the Congress Party, because he does not believe that the Government "could go back on its pledges," proves that he is likewise ignorant of the facts. *There are no pledges, unless illicit pledges by venial politicians are pledges.*

Mr. Randolph Churchill quickly realised that a Platt for Wavertree would be a menace to Conservatism and the Empire and immediately decided to fight the seat. Mr. Platt's candidature is an affront to everyone who believes in Britain's Imperial destiny.

Randolph issued a challenge in the true Churchillian strain:

Far too long the opponents of the Government's surrender policy have yielded themselves to the recommendation that whatever happens they must not split the Party.

Since it is Mr. Baldwin who, by forcing a Socialist policy upon his unwilling followers, is the cause of the split, loyal Tories who try to live up to the teachings of Disraeli need feel no qualms on this score.

Lady Houston and those who serve with her have been preaching this truth week by week ever since a Socialist was made leader over the 547 Conservatives who the nation returned for a Conservative Government two and a half years ago. We have been perpetually stabbed in the back more often than our readers are aware **BECAUSE WE TELL THE TRUTH.** The entire India surrender business, linked up with the alarming and deliberate neglect of national defences, is a gigantic well thought out conspiracy on the part of the leader whose motives lead to the break-up of the British Empire, the destruction of national freedom and prosperity, and the inevitable triumph of revolutionary Socialism, or Sovietism.

## A Grisly Liability

We have attacked the head of the Government because *he is responsible*, and we rejoice that Randolph Churchill does the same. "Mr. Macdonald," he says, "is a most grisly and awful liability" to *the Nation*. In the perilous commitment of the Government on India, who can doubt that the dominant influence on the Prime Minister is Russia? The man who was prepared to let British subjects be massacred in Shanghai by Chinese under Bolshevik command and proclaimed that an hour's talk with Mr. Chen, the Moscow agent, was better protection than an army corps, is so warped in mind and so relentless in his hatred of anything like a strong Imperial Britain that the surrender of India to the terrorists and cotton magnates is the sort of mental process he would follow.

Mr. Churchill's election policy must necessarily turn largely on the callous indifference to the plight of the cotton operatives shown by the Government, in which they have been supported by all the Lancashire M.P.'s except twelve. He is bringing home to the hundred thousand textile operatives now walking the street in this once prosperous county the fact that the Government propose to hand over the entire cotton industry to a clique of selfish and unscrupulous Indian politicians financed by the millionaire millowners of Bombay and Ahmedabad. He wants to ensure that the maximum tariff on Lancashire piece goods should be reduced or abolished. We hope he will make

it evident that Indian coolie labour is sweated labour according to Western ideas and laws.

As Mr. Randolph Churchill says, it is we British who have developed India, protected her from outside enemies, financed the industries now being used against us, and we have a right to demand fair treatment for our industries. Would France, or Germany, or Russia, or Japan for one moment permit any of their dependencies to discriminate with hostile intent against their Nationals? Of course not. Then why should Lancashire lie down under the hostility of a Congress Party which could be swept away by a strong British Government without the least difficulty if they were friends to their friends and enemies to their enemies?

There is a little more than truth in Mr. Churchill's assertion that Lancashire M.P.'s would rather get a smile from Mr. Baldwin than fight for the prosperity of Lancashire, and that what Sir Samuel Hoare says to-day the Manchester Chamber of Commerce will preach as gospel to-morrow. Facts prove it to have been so, and if Mr. Churchill wins Wavertree it will cause certain heart-burnings among the 47 Lancashire "gormless" M.P.'s who have suffered this bitter gibe. So doubtless all the forces of surrender will combine to defeat

if they can the youthful St. George who dares to defy the "National" dragon in its lair.

On the other hand, he has great support beside his own strong spear. The Duke of Westminster, from Cheshire, rallies immediately to his cause. No doubt Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Lloyd, Sir Henry Page Croft, and other stout defenders of the Empire, as well as the India Defence League, will enter the lists. Then, again, all these and others, too, will hasten to support the young man who says boldly, "If we are to be safe we must have the finest Air Force in the world." But beyond all, of course, are the public themselves, and we shall soon see their reactions towards the Churchill who cries "Hands off India!" and "We want the finest Air Force in the world!" Unless we are mistaken in our countrymen and countrywomen, their response will not be slow.

Meanwhile the Caucus chiefs in London may reflect upon the vicissitudes of wire-pulling when they are faced with courage. Mr. Baldwin and his confrères, who are understood to pull the strings of the "National" Party, may well bear in mind the words, which we venture to think will apply to Randolph Churchill's candidature, *Veni, vidi . . . vici!*

# The Rehearsal

## An Imaginary Conversation

By the Saturday Reviewer

"YES, I like it," said Philip with as near an approach to enthusiasm as he ever gave to the work of another. "I think it will do the trick."

They were sitting, these two old friends (and enemies), in the lounge-hall of Mr. Lloyd George's bijou "cottage" at Churt, Lord Snowden having come up from his more modest home of Eden Lodge in the valley below. He had come at the invitation of the great man for a private rehearsal of the New Deal, which had been delivered by the veteran with something of the fervour of his youth.

"I like it," said Philip, "but do you think there is enough bite in it?"

"How do mean, 'bite'?" asked David with a touch of disappointment in his voice. He liked praise to be unqualified—which he seldom had from that grim Yorkshireman.

"Well, you know I'm more mellow than I was; but I had expected something that would fetch our Socialists a bit—a touch of Nationalisation somewhere: I don't say the banks because that would be a bit dangerous, but the railways or the coal mines. You want some sort of sop for my side."

"There you make a mistake," said the Orator. "Don't you see that I'm fishing for Tory votes?"

I've got to sound safe and statesmanlike, and there's nothing here to frighten anybody. I grant you that I've called the Bank of England some hard names; but that won't do it any harm. Even a Tory won't mind a brick or two thrown at Threadneedle-street."

"It will amuse my old pal, Montagu Norman," said Snowden. "You saw the handsome testimonial I gave him in my autobiography."

"Yes, I thought it pretty good from a man who wants to 'liquidate the Capitalist system;' but anyway I'm not a Socialist, even if you are, and I'm dealing my cards not for your old crowd but for the Tories."

"You may be right," said Philip thoughtfully; "but I did want you to say something that would draw some of the few remaining comrades away from Ramsay."

"Pooh," said the other, "not worth troubling about! Why he can't get a quiet passage even in his own constituency. That ship will sink in Seaham Harbour. It's Baldwin I want to draw them from."

"I suppose you've never forgiven him for the Carlton Club meeting."

"The Politician," retorted the Welshman, "neither loves nor hates." But he has delivered himself into my hands. You can always trust old



Stan to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. I suppose he thought himself safe because of this fear of the Socialists, and fancied he could take any liberties with his own party. They stood a good deal from me; but they've had to take more from him. Does any Conservative want to go interfering with dog-track racing—the sport of the working man? The people like gambling and lotteries and all that: they will get their own back at the polls. And can you imagine any greater folly than this Indian adventure? Why, my dear Snowden, it's asking for trouble, yet he walked straight into that booby-trap."

"Do you think it was Ramsay who set it for him?"

"They blamed me for Ireland just the same, when it was really Austen Chamberlain who gave that show away. No, I don't think it was so much the guile of the one as the stupidity of the other. Baldwin walked into it anyway, with Sam Hoare and all the other softies at his heels; and now they're too mulish to back out of it again. Just imagine it—the Jubilee Year of all years to choose for throwing away 'the brightest jewel in the Crown.'"

"Tut, tut, you're becoming an Imperialist," said Philip sourly.

#### The Wily One

"I am thinking about it, and I will if it pays politically; but I'm not showing my hand on India yet. When they get thoroughly committed in the Bill, I'll see."

"That would about finish old Baldwin. You're a wily one," said Snowden admiringly.

"It's a card up my sleeve," the Welshman replied. "But tell me, Philip, don't you really like my speech?"

"Well, frankly, I don't find anything new in it."

"There is nothing new," said Lloyd George, "nothing new under the sun; except new ears to hear old tales."

"Yes, that's an advantage," said Philip maliciously. "There will be quite a lot that don't know you."

"I appeal to youth," said the Wizard, "generous, confiding, enthusiastic, simple-minded youth. If there's nothing new in my New Deal, they have not seen me deal before."

"I was caught that way once," said Philip "when I was young. I think they called it the Three Card Trick."

"Then there are two million unemployed," the Wizard continued, "all with votes—and their wives, thanks to Baldwin. It's a wonderful chance for a politician nowadays, if he is bold enough with his promises."

"If he has nothing to lose," said Philip, looking out at the finest orchard in that part of Surrey.

"I promise them the land," the Orator went on. "Two million of them."

"But you don't say who is going to pay for it,

and what they are to grow, and where they are going to get the market."

"Look what I've done on this piece of heath."

"Of course, if they all had personal funds, or could write Memoirs; but then they wouldn't need to grow anything. But they can't do it on what they get on the dole."

"You're a reactionary my dear Snowden. Your experience at the Treasury has ruined your political sense. It is not the business of the Opposition to say how schemes are to be financed. That's for the Government of the day. And can't we borrow the money? Look at the Safeguards. There's to be an Economic Council to examine the scheme, and then it will go before the Cabinet, and of course the Treasury will consider it, and then it will have to be passed by Parliament. And then a loan will be floated, and that will please the City, and won't alarm the taxpayer. Why it's all perfectly simple. And with the Conservatives discouraged and the young electors looking for something new. . . ."

"Not enough 'kick' in it," interrupted the other doubtfully.

"Trust me to put kick into it when I get going. Wait till you see me among my own people at Bangor. I've been brushing up my Welsh again," said the orator, standing up and swinging his arms, so that he brought down a pot of spring hyacinths.

Megan came running into the room. "Oh, father," she said, "You're always damaging something. You've been rehearsing again. What do you think of it Lord Snowden? We think it fine. And don't you think it well timed?"

"That's what we were saying," said the visitor acidly. "They've had time to forget."

"Oh, that's not what I mean," said the lady. "Don't you see his hair is exactly the right length again?"

**People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy**

**"The Patriot"**

**"The National Review"**

**and**

**their humble servant**

**"The Saturday Review"**

## WELSH SUNRISE

No particular sensation  
Has been caused by the publication  
Of Mr. Lloyd George's  
Reconstructional orgies.

Though agility of mind  
Is particularly hard to find  
Among the doddering old gents  
That infest governments,

People resent politicians  
Who assume the rôle of magicians,  
And Welsh wizards  
Somehow stick in their gizzards.

"I'm active, you may know,"  
Said the extinct volcano.  
"That goes with me,"  
Said the spent fusee.

But will Lord Philip  
Continue to keep a still lip  
After hearing that soothless  
Remark about tariffs (ruthless)?

And I wonder if Samuel (Herb.)  
Will find it easy to curb  
His wrath, when his old friend David,  
Whom he thought the political grave hid,

Who worshipped, rain or fine,  
At the jolly old Free Trade shrine,  
Now unaccountably recants,  
And kicks Cobden in the pants.

And the dear old *Guardian*—  
One is bound to note with how tardy an  
Ovation that organ hails  
The bright young person from Wales.

Will it waste the fatted calf on  
A prodigal from Carnarvon  
When the horrid little brute is  
Advocating import duties?

We shall hear more, without doubt,  
When L.G. lashes out,  
But though he's as bright as a grig,  
I doubt if he'll go over big.

"Now look you," he says, "whateffer.  
The Government must be deafer  
Than the proverbial adder  
And mad as a coot or madder,

"If it doesn't take my advice,  
And put unemployment on ice,  
By spending a billion or two  
Giving people something to do.

"We must wed idle capital  
To labour, and then, mayhap, it'll  
Settle Depression's hash,  
So please to fork out the cash."

But we've heard that song before  
From Socialists by the score,  
Whose one idea is to soak  
The taxpayer till he's broke.

And I rather think L.G.  
Must bark up another tree,  
If he wants to wring three hearty  
Cheers from the Tory Party.

For myself I'd rather give ear  
To the call of Lord Rothermere,  
For more young men with brains,  
And ten thousand aeroplanes.

For fewer Geneva cranks  
In the National Government ranks,  
For a ban on Free Trade tabus,  
And handing out Ind to the babus.

I'd rather be true blue,  
Like the *Saturday Review*,  
And thunder "Off with the heads  
Of Ramsay and all his Reds!"

Hamadryad.



## CONTINUED

# An Englishman in the Legion

By a Private now serving in Morocco

**L**IKE all good soldiers the world over, the Légionnaire is conservative, and to listen to us older ones, without having our knowledge of previous conditions, a stranger might pass us off with a "Pooh! *Laudatores temporis acti*." However, it is a fact that in every respect there has been a tremendous change in the last ten years—the food has improved out of all recognition, clothing is better, we have better barracks, etc., and one might reasonably expect that the Légionnaire who knew the old days would be pleased, indeed, with present conditions.

*Au contraire*, one really would sometimes prefer it to be otherwise. We welcome the changes for the better, but we are not satisfied with the type of recruit we have been receiving in our midst since 1928-29. Again, last summer we have had no scrapping for the first time since the Legion came to Morocco, being employed on road-making, bridge-building, etc., and the result would no doubt shock the ardent Geneva pacifists. I have never heard so much *genuine* grouching. "Did I join the Legion to be a navy?" asks one. "Hell! I could have stayed at home and been paid ten times what I get here, but I thought I should always manage a scrap or two if I came to Africa."

## War is Coming

However, the Légionnaire, of whatever nationality he may be, is not taken in by the League of Hallucinations and the twaddle uttered by its spokesmen, and he knows that in the near future he will get his full of fighting on a European battlefield. One and all, we know that war is coming. I have had many a *mauvais quart d'heure* when Britain's policy of disarmament has been discussed, and I know that Britain has fallen in the esteem of foreigners. Against French logic and German sneers I have done my best, but have been forced to hang my head in shame, as they traced the career and antics of our peripatetic pacifist and derided the policy which he has imposed on our Cabinet.

Two factors have been in evidence lately in Morocco. The first, which commenced internally in the Legion, has had its repercussions on the civilian and native population. I allude to the Nazi propaganda. Many Légionnaires of German nationality, who had deserted and reached Germany safely, have in the last two years returned voluntarily and given themselves up after a lapse of anything from two to ten years. They have given, as their motive, dissatisfaction with the Nazi régime and have received extremely light sentences, but, on their joining a unit, one would be hard put to it to reconcile their eulogisms of Hitler and Hitlerism with their previous (*soi-disant*) dissatisfaction. Only a few months ago

twenty-two Légionnaires of the C.H.R. at Fez paraded the streets and cafés of the town in Nazi uniform, bearing swastikas and banners. Needless to say, they were all arrested and sentenced to discharge with ignominy, but the damage was done.

The second factor is Communism. So far as the Legion is concerned, this is non-existent. I have only known one avowed Communist—there is no doubt he was a pukka "Red." The authorities soon settled his hash, but he received worse treatment at the hands of his "comrades" than he did officially. No, it is among the native population, especially the young and the half-educated, that one sees the effects of the hellish Muscovite gospel. Only six months ago the Sultan, who, it must be remembered, is almost sacrosanct with his people, went to Fez. The official reception passed off admirably, of course, but as he passed through the town and, later, when addressing a gathering of the faithful, he was booed and hissed by no means a small minority. Cannot one also see the Red hand in the Constantine affair? These are only two incidents amongst many.

## We Need not be Sorry

To attempt to describe Morocco from the administrative point of view would be impossible for me. To do so, in my case, would naturally involve comparisons with British rule, administration, justice, etc., and comparisons are often invidious. I am at present serving under a foreign flag, and I must be loyal to that country by not criticising her. Sufficient if I say that we need not be sorry that we did not acquire Morocco.

To return to the Legion—the force which has made French colonisation in Morocco, as elsewhere, possible! We have been blackguarded and misrepresented and misunderstood, and no doubt will be so long as the Legion exists. Do we care? Not a damn! When I get back to England I shall not forget. I have gone through many hardships, have suffered agony mentally and physically, have often cursed the French, their army system and everything in general; yet somehow have managed to come up smiling and ask for more.

When I snuggle down into a "minty," with my feet on the fender (as I did at school after a gruelling Rugger match, and, later, after a hard day with hounds), I shall be able to look back on forced marches, thirst, soakings and all the rest of it; and I am sure that I shall not weep over lost time, but shall be proud of the fact that I have served with a corps which has a tradition and "esprit de corps" second to none, as I raise my glass to the memory of the Legion and the only man outside it who ever understood it—Lyautey, the Lion of Morocco!

# THE THRILL OF SUCCESS—

SO much has been written about the Mildenhall-Melbourne Race that I feel it would be more interesting perhaps to relate a few of the more personal incidents and reactions of the flight. From the first moment of the public announcement that Sir MacPherson Robertson was donating £15,000 and a gold cup for an international speed and handicap race, I was intensely interested. In those early days few people believed in the possibility of securing many entries and the world outside aviation did not realise or understand how important was the winning of such a race. However, I immediately decided that I would use my utmost efforts to secure a suitable machine and the necessary backing.



T. Campbell Black

Weeks passed and still I was unsuccessful, and as a suitable machine for the race did not then exist in England it looked as though, if the money was found, it would be necessary to turn to foreign manufacturers for a mount. This went very much against the grain though certainly there was nothing in England which would justify any confidence of winning the race. Still I did not lose hope and called on many manufacturers and financiers and discussed the enormous possibilities of the race. My efforts met with very damping criticisms and discouragements. Nobody seemed to have heard of the race, and in any case it was of no value or interest to the world in general.

## I MEET SCOTT

About this time I ran into Charles Scott at my club. He too, was searching for a machine and a backer. Each of us was confident, despite all discouragements, that we would ultimately succeed in competing, and there and then we agreed to fly together, and to turn down any suggestions or offers, unless we were both included.

Almost immediately, we were both approached, each individually with separate offers, and we both refused these as they meant a break in our team. Our first real thrill came when we found our enthusiastic backer; business luncheons and dinners followed and all the time our prospects of being able to fly the course increased. Finally, the time arrived for the signing of the contract. Alas, although our friend's intentions were good, trustees, whom we had never met, stepped in and forbade association with such a ridiculous and foolish venture!

A week later I went into a nursing home with sickness caught in the Sudan. Two days later Charles received a telephone call from De Havillands. He was told they intended to build a "Comet" for the race, and that they liked us as a combination. They wished us to meet Mr. A. O. Edwards of Grosvenor House whom they believed would purchase the machine and engage us to fly it. Charles had one luncheon with Mr. Edwards and hurried round to see me and to tell me that it was all fixed! This was better than any doctor's treatment, and so a day or so later I hurried out of the nursing home and joined him in training and preparing ourselves for the flight.

Our training consisted of daily games of squash until we were so hard that instead of playing for the usual half hourly periods we could keep going hard for as long as two hours without feeling strained or fatigued.

## HIGH FLYING

Scarcely a day passed without any flying, and as we had planned to race at the considerable altitude of 10,000 feet I began to change the altitude of my normal daily flying, so that although hitherto from two or three thousand feet had been my usual altitude I now increased it from ten to as much as fifteen thousand feet. My passengers must have wondered at this change and on looking round from my cockpit I noticed on several occasions that they were showing signs of the extreme and unaccustomed cold. Whenever this happened I glided down to lower levels and hoped they would soon thaw out again.

The final week before the race was perhaps the worst week of my life. De Havillands had been making frantic, almost superhuman efforts for our "Comet" to be delivered in time; but it was only on the Saturday before the race that it was completed and handed over to us to fly.

We had watched all the early type tests, and realised that here was no foolproof machine, but one which called for the very gentlest and smoothest of handling and judgment. Whilst we believed ourselves capable of flying her, we had the ever present knowledge that the slightest mistake or damage would put us out of the race, because insufficient time remained in which to effect repairs. We decided to try her out together, each going up with the other. In turns we flew



C. W. A. Scott



## —By T. Campbell Black

(who, with C. W. A. Scott, won the great England-Australia air race).

her, each doing a landing, and our relief after these two flights, when we realised we could fly her, can scarcely be described. Next day we flew the "Comet" to Mildenhall and here she had to stay until the start of the race and undergo the official weighing out and technical examinations.

The following week has been described by Charles Scott as the most trying of his life. Certainly to me it was a period of great worry. Many things had to be done to the machine, and although we knew very little about her performance and petrol consumption we felt it wiser not to fly her too much before the start, as any little error of breakage would prevent us from taking part!

We decided, therefore, to make the first leg of the race from Mildenhall to Baghdad our testing

the people waiting for us there knew how much I had, on previous flights in Africa, appreciated the reviving effects of a bath and they had erected a canvas screen near our refuelling base behind which I jumped into the most refreshing water I have ever known. The effects of this bath lasted throughout our next stage to Allahabad, where we arrived that same evening, and while refuelling we also filled our Thermos flasks.

My next vivid impression was the grave anxiety we felt as to our position, ability to reach our destination, and to steer through the midnight storm and monsoon over the Bay of Bengal on our direct route to Singapore. This was the most trying section of the flight, and the last hours when we were unable to make contact with the



The Victorious Comet

base. We had been sleeping at Cambridge throughout the week, but the fateful night before the race we moved into the R.A.F. Mess at Mildenhall so as to be early on the scene for the final line up.

Keyed up as we were, I thought it would be difficult to rest yet the moment my head touched the pillow I immediately fell asleep. Long before the grey of dawn I was awakened by an Air Force orderly who brought me my last cup of tea before starting. The noise outside the mess was the most thrilling music I have ever heard. Mechanics were running up the "Comet" motors and, hurriedly dressing, we went out to our machine.

The memory of the start will always be most poignantly vivid in my recollections. We had never taken the machine into the air with its full load of petrol, but as it gathered speed across the aerodrome I was overwhelmed with great confidence as I realised how perfectly it was behaving.

Space does not permit me to describe my feelings throughout the flight. To do so would fill a volume, but I can say that on arrival in Baghdad

Malay Peninsular over which we should have been passing determined us to alter our course after which we had to calculate whether we had enough petrol to keep us in the air until dawn.

At Singapore I was able to eat my first food which consisted of only two bites of chicken sandwich. More than this I found unpalatable because here we got the news of the other competitors and this both thrilled and acted as a spur, so that we pushed on immediately afterwards.

Our arrival at Melbourne, when we knew that we had won the race, was without question the most glorious moment of my life, and the crowds that welcomed us, and the enthusiasm and hospitality which we received at their hands was ample reward for the very frightening moments over the Timor Sea and over the whole continent of Australia when we flew the final stages on one motor. My reaction to this I have left out. Words cannot adequately convey my depression when I believed that we would be out of the race, nor the exuberation when we found the machine respond so marvellously to the occasion.

# Plebiscite on Plebiscite

## The Saar Floodlights Europe

By Robert Machray

**H**ERR HITLER'S tremendous victory in the Saar—for such in effect it is—will doubtless have various important consequences, but the most significant result is already very evident in the light with which it is flooding the whole political firmament of Europe and showing, with appalling clearness again, the grim and menacing realities of the situation.

The stark truth thus revealed must come as a most unpleasant surprise to all those good, confiding people who, misled by what are now seen to be the ridiculously optimistic declarations of the spokesmen of our fatuous Government during the last two weeks, believed that the "atmosphere" was definitely better, and that distracted Europe was genuinely on the mend.

What is taking place in Germany demonstrates the falseness of these declarations. Everybody is now familiar with the pacific utterances of Hitler. He himself appears to keep a cool head even in the moment of triumph, and takes the opportunity not only of renewing his protestations of peaceful intent, but even goes to the length of talking about the possibility of the reconciliation of France and Germany, now that the Saar is out of the way. M. Laval, the French Foreign Minister, responds in a very moderate sort of manner; but France is greatly disturbed by the overwhelming vote for Hitler, and is in no mood to make advance other than difficult.

### The Wine of Success

But Hitler's sweeping success in the Saar has gone like rich, old wine to the heads of many of his most prominent supporters—and *in vino veritas*! They talk and talk very loudly. What they say recalls all that big programme of political and territorial expansion which was so insistently proclaimed by Hitler in his *Mein Kampf* before he came to power, and was so clamorously asserted by his chief lieutenants then and for months afterwards. It was the old Pan-Germanism, brought back to life and tricked out afresh; for a while, a change in Hitler's policy caused it to be damped down; now it has broken out again under the spur of the Saar.

Germany, it is now stated boldly, is looking to the East once more—temporarily France is out of the picture, though Belgium does not seem to be. The East means Danzig, the "Corridor," Silesia, Czechoslovakia, the Eastern Baltic and so on. To all intents and purposes Danzig is already Nazi, but Polish interests in it are protected by the German-Polish Pact. Yet in the meeting of the Council of the League which terminated early this week the High Commissioner of Danzig said he was seriously apprehensive of developments in the Free City that would be fatal to its international status.

As regards the "Corridor" and Silesia, the Polish possession of which is covered by the German-Polish Pact, German voices are being raised that threaten Poland, but the pact has still nine years to run and so far has been scrupulously observed by Hitler. On her side Poland remains ever on the alert; her Budget, passed some weeks ago, provided for the unchanged strength of her formidable army. She is perfectly right. Dr. Frick, Nazi Minister of the Interior, has just issued a proclamation in which, after mentioning the Peace Treaties, he states it is the national duty to remember that on the other side of the frontiers live millions of Germans who at the end of the war "were forced *without any plebiscite* into isolation and even placed under foreign rule."

### Looking at Memel

I have underlined the words "without any plebiscite," as they should be carefully noted, because it is the idea of the great possibilities of the plebiscite that is behind the present phase of the German expansionist programme. Thus, a plebiscite is spoken of in connection with the German parts of Czechoslovakia, with Danzig, even with Austria, notwithstanding the recent Franco-Italian Pact, with its various instruments, one of which is concerned with the independence of Austria. In all these cases, say the Saar-inspired Nazis, German victory is assured. But at the moment their attention appears to be concentrated on Memel.

Is Memel, then, to be made a second Saar? The territory involved has an area of 945 square miles, and a population of about 150,000, a proportion of which are of German origin. It passed under the League by the treaty of Versailles, and went to Lithuania in 1923-24, under an autonomous statute, but almost from the start of its occupation Lithuania had trouble with Germany over it, and during the last year or two these difficulties have been much intensified, largely owing to what is called in Germany a "spontaneous Nazi movement" in Memel, but which of course has been fed from Berlin. Will Germany demand a plebiscite is the question now being asked by Lithuania.

Enough has now been said of the threatening repercussions of Hitler's victory in the Saar and the light thrown thereby on the tense European situation, which is just as bad now as ever it was. Anybody can see how France is reacting to the menace by her almost intemperate zeal for pacts, pacts, pacts! M. Flandin, the French Premier, and M. Laval, Foreign Minister, are coming to London next week to consult our Government. About what, precisely? Disarmament? Only a fool can suppose anything of the kind. German rearmament?—sure! British rearmament?—I wish to heaven I could think so.



## BRITISH LEGION

# The Drift from the Charter

By a Special Correspondent

*The Legion shall exist to perpetuate in the Civil life of the Empire the principles for which the Nation stood in the Great War. . . .*

*To obtain public recognition for the principle that ex-Service men are entitled to preferential treatment in all matters relating to employment. . . .*

*To assist ex-Service men to secure not less than the standard rate of wages. . . .*

*To promote representation . . . of ex-Service men in Parliament. . . .*

*There shall be nothing to prevent the Legion from adopting a definite policy on any question affecting ex-Service men . . . nor from taking any constitutional action in pursuance of such policy.*

THE above are extracts from the British Legion's Charter. It will be seen that these objects are worthy ones, that they are both political and economic, that only political action can achieve such aims and that such political action is definitely authorised to secure them.

How far the Legion has drifted from these principles is now known to some extent by readers of the *Saturday Review*. Instead of pursuing a national constructive policy and mobilising ex-Service opinion as a factor which could not be disregarded, instead of fighting to obtain justice for its members and at the same time assisting the country at large by encouraging sound economic schemes of rehabilitation, instead of combating the spineless spirit of defeatism which to-day is sapping the strength of the nation, the Legion has concentrated on becoming merely a huge collector of money and a gigantic dispenser of doles.

## Rank and File Flouted

Its H.Q. has become a home of vested interests and its officials are demi-gods whom to criticise is *lèse-majesté*.

Owing to its constitution, the rank and file of the Legion have only an opportunity once a year of collectively expressing their views. That over and over again they have seized this chance to try to set these officials on the right path I propose to show by quoting some resolutions passed at annual Conferences, together with the action—or rather inaction—of the Executive in each case. These are merely typical examples which only lack of space prevents me multiplying indefinitely.

In 1927 the Delegates called for a "live National policy." They also urged that steps be taken to ensure that only British seamen be employed on British ships, and demanded an "agricultural policy which would put men back on the land and increase the supply of home-produced food."

The reaction of headquarters in each case was the same—"No action." They shelved the first by means of reference to a Committee—a favourite dodge. The second they disagreed with and excused themselves by stating that "only 15,703 seamen" were not British subjects. Apparently 15,703 extra jobs for unemployed Britons did not interest them. In any case, it would have required

political action! The third they disposed of by sending copies of the resolution to the Ministers concerned, secure in the knowledge that they would be safely pigeon-holed.

Two years ago the executive was directed to "organise a National demonstration" for the abolition of the seven year pension limit. The demonstration was never held, for H.Q. considered that a deputation to the Prime Minister would be more innocuous. The seven-year limit remains.

At the same Conference, H.Q. was ordered to adopt "a more militant attitude" in regard to other pension matters. Translated by the officials, this resolved itself into "waiting on the Minister"! The Delegates also demanded that steps be taken "to refute the charges made by the Minister of Pensions" in regard to an article in the *Legion Journal*. H.Q.—according to their own official pamphlet—gave the proposal "careful consideration," and left it at that.

Seven years ago the Delegates (*who according to the Charter are "the supreme governing body of the Legion"*) decided that no one should be appointed to the paid staff who had not been a member for at least a year. Yet in 1933 the Executive appointed an Editor who was not and never has been a Legion member.

## Shelved Again

Coming down to last year, still another resolution was passed demanding a "more aggressive policy" covering *inter alia* employment, land settlement, emigration and pensions, and that "by all forms of political activity such policy be kept before the notice of the Government."

That was eight months ago. According to an official statement just issued, "the Executive have under consideration the best means of putting this into effect"! Which, of course, means the easiest method of shelving it.

Commenting on this, a journalist, well known for his interest in ex-Service welfare—Capt. F. D. Bone, writing in the *Newspaper World* last week said:

The answer is a confession of failure and ineptitude of those who govern the Legion and pretend to work in the interests of ex-Service men. The Charter gives them authority to act but to do so effectively they must cross swords with officialdom, they must agitate in the constituencies and they must go to Parliament. But they will not do so. They prefer to bask in the favour of Ministers rather than embark on a national campaign to better the lot of helpless and unemployed ex-Service men.

They have sought with rallies and parades, with charity and doles, with talk of comradeship and loyalty, to mislead and paralyse the aspirations of the returned fighting men. And the object behind these stratagems is to prevent, in the interests of the politicians, the growth of an ex-Service policy because it would cut across normal party lines!

# Paving the Way to Socialism

By Quintex

**T**HE Socialists have every reason for their present state of exalted optimism. Nor does it arise solely from their successes in the municipal elections and the by-elections. They are witnessing something almost unprecedented in our constitutional history—the foundation of their policy being carefully built for them by a House of Commons in which their representation is negligible.

Was it not for the evidence on the Statute Book, well might we believe that it would be an impossibility for most of the recent legislation to have been passed by a huge Conservative majority, even though the Prime Minister is one who in the past has striven to destroy their party and ruin our country.

Space forbids anything like an exhaustive survey of all the various Socialistic measures which have been passed since the present "National" Government took office, so I will concentrate on that particular type on which some of our Ministers particularly pride themselves and of which Mr. Walter Elliot is the chief protagonist.

Under his auspices a new and mighty fabric of bureaucracy has been created which is being added to almost week by week, an organisation which will form an admirable, ready-made system on which the Socialists, if and when they obtain office, can graft their policy of State ownership and control.

This structure, under the generic title of Marketing Boards, springs from the Marketing Division of the Ministry of Agriculture, with a salary list which in the past year has increased by £123,000 and to which further large additions will be made in the next estimates.

## Another £10,000 Committee

Next in the chain of control comes the Market Supply Committee, over which Lord Linlithgow has been chosen to preside at £2,000 per annum. This body supervises all the numerous "Agricultural Boards" which are springing up like mushrooms to the ruination of the farmer and the joy of his foreign competitors.

The present cost of this Committee is over £10,000 per annum, and this also is to be largely increased next year. Under this body there function the Pig Board, the Bacon Board, the Milk Board, the Potato Board, the Hop Board, the Wheat Commission, etc. And as if the Pig and Bacon Boards were not sufficient, a new Bacon Industry Development Board, with another £2,000 a year Chairman, is now being formed to exercise control over the other two! The salary list of all these bodies is enormous, and increases are constantly being made.

Although these Boards are ostensibly to assist marketing of British produce, actually they are largely the result of the absurd quota system which

not only gives a guaranteed market to the foreign food importer, to the detriment of overseas Empire producers, but actually puts millions of pounds into his pocket.

Had a straight-forward tariff system been adopted, with preferences within the Empire and an ascending scale against foreign competition, home production would have been stimulated in a natural manner without this Governmental enterprise, and the expense and tyranny of this bureaucratic system would not have been imposed on us. For that it is tyranny has been amply shown by the Star Chamber prosecutions brought under the powers vested in these un-English institutions.

## Money for Nothing

There is, however, another side of the question which would be humorous if it was not so tragic. So far from stimulating production, these schemes are actually curtailing it, and people are being paid for *not* producing. To such a state of absurdity has this quota system reached that an owner of a Kentish oast house recently received £800 for *not* growing hops; a grower was compensated for *not* raising potatoes; a mine has received payment for *not* producing coal; a railway company obtained 2s. 1d. per pig for *not* carrying them; and a cattle man milking cows at market had to throw away the milk to avoid a fine!

The same trend of legislation is shown in the Electricity Supply Bill, which the Socialists hailed with delight as a step towards the nationalisation of this industry. True, the red light was perceived by certain of the more independent Conservative members, and Mr. Bailey rightly characterised the Bill as a removal of a check on Bureaucracy and as a means to pay the private concern not to compete with the Electricity Board. Yet only 27 Conservatives followed him into the Lobby against a Government majority which included the Socialist opposition!

The latest example of this Conservative sponsored Socialism is the project of buying potatoes and selling them at a loss to the unemployed, at the same time compensating the retailer for his loss of profit. Curiously enough, though the other and larger schemes mentioned above have passed almost without criticism, this last has roused a storm of protest. If it but serves to open the eyes of the public to the real trend of this Government's policy it will have at last done something.

Yet, with these achievements before our eyes, we are being asked by the firm of Messrs. MacDonald & Baldwin to go to the country again on their ticket. Heads we win, tails you lose—for, apparently, it is their intention that in any case we are to have another spell of Socialist Government!



## Eve in Paris

THE Houston-Everest Expedition aroused immense interest in France, and M. Jean Escarra, Counsellor to the Chinese Government and former president of the Alpine Club of France, is trying to organise an expedition to climb one of the high summits in the Himalayas. A committee has been formed, under the Presidency of Maréchal Franchet d'Esperey, head of the Geographical Society, to second his efforts.

"Amongst the glorious successes obtained in the Himalayan Mountains we seek vainly the name of France," deplores M. Escarra. He goes on to say that the mysteries of the heights of Everest, so long inviolate, are England's by right of conquest, which other nations will respect.

The next in altitude is the summit of Kanchinyanga. This ascent out of courtesy to the German explorers whose remarkable Alpine exploits have hitherto ended in failure, France will not attempt; nor does she wish to make incursions into regions which Dr. Visser, the Dutch Geographer, and the Italian Professor Danielli, have chosen as their future field of action, but she is determined to attain some Himalayan Peak of not less than 8,000 metres, "an enterprise which will involve the double prestige, moral and physical, of our flag," to quote M. Escarra again.

Preparations for the expedition will take at least a year. It will include scientists, and a member of the Ethnographic Society; great enthusiasm is felt over the project, which, the organisers acknowledge, will benefit largely by English experience.

\* \* \*

Times have changed since Goethe visited the Saar and wrote "the demeanour and dress of the inhabitants, women especially, show the influence of Paris, predominant on the left bank of the Rhine." France has accepted the anxiously awaited verdict of the plebiscite philosophically, but the prospect of receiving masses of refugees alarms her. Unemployment is rapidly increasing, these aliens cannot be allowed to compete with native labour, a scheme to send them to the Colonies has proved too costly, so where and how are they to live?

It was pointed out in the Chamber that 6,000 Sarrois left France to vote in the Saar, the vote favouring re-union to France was, however, only just over two per cent. of the half-a-million voters. Who then are the 40,000 Sarrois now claiming French hospitality?

Many are undesirables. The Préfet de la Moselle has refused to admit the Communists, but in Paris they find friends. Already Fritz Pfordt, Communist Leader, has been addressing enthusiastic meetings here, and Max Braun, Socialist refugee, with Leon Blum and Comrade Cachin will speak advocating the disarming of French Fascist Leagues.

This insolent interference with French Politics has aroused indignation. France will tolerate no more foreign agitators and Messrs. Braun and Pfordt, if not careful, may be escorted back whence they came, to be dealt with by Hitlerian methods.

\* \* \*

A white-haired old man, an artist of the species the French designate *rapins*, appeared recently in the Law Courts, claiming 1,400 francs from M. Velly, pork-butcher, in payment of the latter's portrait. M. Velly contending that the picture was a gift, a thanks-offering for hams and sausages. The portrait, produced in Court, appeared mediocre, but not bad, the likeness being striking and the blue-serge suit well treated, whilst a large gold watchchain is given the importance desired by the sitter.

Thirty-five years ago the painter had a reputation, and exhibited at the Salon, but his claims to fame rest on the fact that he is not only the son of Gustave Humbert, Garde des Sceaux, and the grandson of General Humbert ("Gloire de la France") but the husband of "la Grande Thérèse," world-famous swindler. This lady borrowed some eighty millions on the strength of securities donated to her, she declared, by an American plutocrat, who desired them to remain in a sealed box until his return from New York.

With this childish story she kept her creditors at bay for years, until the Courts (the American having been proved a myth) impounded the mystery-box, ordered it to be opened, and found therein—nothing!

Thérèse Humbert, Mademoiselle d'Aurignac, was well-born. Neither brilliant nor beautiful, she exercised an inexplicable influence over her dupes, with whose money she gratified a passion for luxury, entertaining royally in her Parisian mansion and in her chateau "Vives Eaux," where the guests reposed in Alençon-bordered sheets. She and her husband (as accessory) received sentence of five year's imprisonment.

\* \* \*

In their stately home, Avenue George V, the Spanish Ambassador and Madame de Cardenas entertained at dinner a large party of favoured intimates, mostly celebrities. The tablédécorations, which represented an Oriental garden, were exquisite and original, and the Ambassadress confessed that she had designed the floral scheme of colour, and superintended its execution. During her stay in Yokohama, (where M. de Cardenas occupied an official position) she devoted herself to the study of floral arrangement, in which the artists of Nippon are unrivalled, and she has become expert. M. Sert, the well-known Spanish painter, was one of the guests, and asked permission of the Ambassadress to reproduce her work in a decorative panel he is to paint.

# YOUTH AT THE HELM

## What Price Randolph Churchill ?

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

Intelligent Youth  
Dealing in TRUTH  
Should soon send to glory  
The Socialist sham Tory  
With his lies tufted and Hoare-y

I REJOICED and was exceeding glad when I read that Mr. Randolph Churchill had decided to stand for the Wavertree Division of Liverpool. For he is a young man for whom I have a great admiration. He is brilliant, and what is even more than that—he has plenty of courage and pluck and if necessary will stand with his back to the wall and fight against all odds for his King and Country. Therefore he is a man after my own heart.

I WANT to say a few words to you young people who declare that nothing will make you fight for your King and Country.

WELL, we will suppose that you are right—that you should disarm and not fight any enemy. What would be the result of this attitude? I will tell you. A strong enemy who is envious and jealous of what England still has would seize the **opportunity so generously offered** to come and smash us up to smithereens.

AND, if they did this, who could blame them?

AND, then what would happen? **You must have no doubts about this.** Having refused to fight for your own country and thereby being conquered by a people who had more guts and more courage, you would most certainly have to fight for them. And that's that, **mes enfants chéris.**

### Latest from 10 Downing Street—

Socialist Mac  
Has got the sack:  
Seaham Harbour won't have him back  
His Russian pals show no tact;  
Wholesale murder does NOT attract—  
So all that is left for Socialist Mac—is—  
To pack

### Executioner Goes Mad

VANOFF, the Soviet executioner, has been sent to an asylum in the South of Russia suffering from insanity brought on by his work of executioner during the first three weeks of December. Within three weeks





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## RANDOLPH CHURCHILL



It gladdens my heart to see that youth, in the person of Mr. Randolph Churchill, is blazing with excitement at the prospect of being returned to Parliament as a *real* Conservative.

—Lucy Houston.





he carried out the execution of over one hundred persons. Liu Chang, his Chinese assistant, has taken over.

Ivanoff was one of those who put the Czar and his family to death in 1917. Since that day he has used the same revolver and it must have shot over 10,000 people in those seventeen years.

**T**HE MASSACRE OF ALL THESE WRETCHED RUSSIAN CITIZENS IS A PROOF OF THE HUMANISING RESULT OF RUSSIA BEING RECEIVED INTO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS—WITH A GREAT FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS AND ACCLAMATIONS OF DELIGHT FROM THE "NATIONAL" GOVERNMENT AND THEIR DUPES, WHICH INCLUDE THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH "MILITANT"—SOCIALIST MAC MUST LOOK AFTER HIS DEAR FRIENDS, THE GENTLE STALIN AND CO. AND WHEN HE SAID—"BY HOOK OR BY CROOK, DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS SHOULD BE ESTABLISHED WITH RUSSIA," HE MEANT IT.

# O'Reilly Sees It Through

## A Drama in Four Acts

By HAMISH BLAIR

### PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Samuel Christenson, Indian Civil Service, Magistrate of Ponambong.  
Joan Christenson, his wife.  
Major Walter Smith, Indian Medical Service.  
Mary Smith, his wife.  
George Stephen, Agent of the Windsor Steamship Company.  
Lesley Stephen, his wife.  
Patrick O'Reilly, Inspector-General of Police.  
His Excellency The Governor.  
John Thornton, Indian Civil Service, Private Secretary.  
Captain Adderley, A.D.C.  
Thursoe Wilson, District Superintendent of Police, Ponambong.  
Gerald Crossley, Assistant Superintendent of Police.  
Rai Bahadur Tincowrie Mono, Marwari Money-lender and Capitalist.  
Babu Protap Roy, the leading Zemindar of Ponambong.  
Captain Dunne, Indian Army.  
Issur Chunder, Barrister-at-Law.  
Murray Belper, Principal of Ponambong College.  
*Gurkhas, bearers, khitmutgars, police, orderlies, lawyers, citizens, assassins, etc.*

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His Excellency the Governor arrives to investigate on the spot the murder of Christenson, Magistrate of Ponambong, by Indian Terrorists. While he is chatting to O'Reilly, Inspector-General of Police, his A.D.C. announces that two of the leading men of Ponambong wish to see him.

### ACT 2, SCENE 1 (continued)

O'Reilly and Adderley go out. Presently Adderley returns and announces "Rai Bahadur Tincowrie Mono." The Governor rises, the Private Secretary following suit, as Tincowrie enters, bowing low. They shake hands and the Rai Bahadur bows to the Private Secretary.

GOVERNOR: I'm glad to meet you, Rai Bahadur. Won't you sit down?

*The Private Secretary places a chair and the two seat themselves so that the audience sees them in profile. The Private Secretary sits a little apart and keeps his eyes glued on Tincowrie's face.*

GOVERNOR: Well, Rai Bahadur, what have you to say to me?

TINCOWRIE: Your Excellency, what can I say? These dreadful murders—and especially this last—have filled us with shame and sorrow.

GOVERNOR: Yes, yes, of course. I've no doubt that's how every decent man in Ponambong feels. But, my friend, we must not merely feel. We must act. Three magistrates have been assassinated in this station within a year. No station in India has such a black record.

TINCOWRIE: Your Excellency, I have a proposition to make. Mr. Christenson was murdered by two of the students of the Ponambong College.

GOVERNOR: I know. All these crimes are actually committed by mere boys or girls.

TINCOWRIE: I built the College, Your Excellency.

GOVERNOR: Ah, so you did, of course. Very generous of you. But what is your proposition?

TINCOWRIE: My proposition is, Sir, that the College should be closed till further notice.

GOVERNOR: Why, so it has been, or ought to have been. I telegraphed orders to that effect the moment I heard of the murder. Have you anything else to suggest?

TINCOWRIE: No, Sir.

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GOVERNOR: Come, now, Rai Bahadur, the time has come for frankness. Don't tell me that this appalling series of murders has been planned by the wretched schoolboys who have done them.

There is someone behind, and I look to you as a prominent resident, and one who has been honoured by the King, to help me to get at the hidden hand.

*A pause. Both the Governor and the Private Secretary scan Tincowrie's face narrowly.*

TINCOWRIE: I have my suspicions, Your Excellency.

GOVERNOR: Ah!

TINCOWRIE: But they are so vague that I should not have mentioned them if Your Excellency had not appealed to me as one who has been given the title of Rai Bahadur by His Majesty the King.

GOVERNOR: Well?

TINCOWRIE: The person I suspect, Your Excellency, is in this house at the present moment.

GOVERNOR: Indeed?

TINCOWRIE: He is awaiting his turn to see Your Excellency.

GOVERNOR: Is he? What is his name?

TINCOWRIE: Babu Protap Roy.

GOVERNOR: And why do you suspect him?

TINCOWRIE: He holds himself aloof from the life of the district. He has no respect for the authorities. He has abused the Government in my hearing. He has even spoken disrespectfully of your Excellency.

GOVERNOR (*smiling*): Hardly singular in that respect, I imagine. Anything else?

TINCOWRIE: I believe he is in touch with his relative, the notorious Hem Chunder Roy.

GOVERNOR: That is more to the point. But, as you say, all this is rather vague. I suppose you and he are on friendly terms?

TINCOWRIE: As friendly terms, Your Excellency, as Protap Babu is with anybody. He is a zemindar whose family have reigned in Ponambong for many generations. I am a tradesman who has made his money in the last few years. Protap Babu despises me—and perhaps envies me for the position I have come to occupy.

GOVERNOR: I see—(*rising and holding out his hand*)—Well, good afternoon, Rai Bahadur. I am calling a meeting of the leading men to-morrow and hope to see you there. We must make a concerted effort to end this reign of terror.

TINCOWRIE (*who has risen also and bows deferentially over H.E.'s hand*): Your Excellency, I am ready to do everything in my power.

*Exit Tincowrie. His Excellency looks at the Private Secretary.*

GOVERNOR: Now for the next man. Will you tell Adderley, please?

*Private Secretary goes out. Presently the A.D.C. ushers in a very tall old man in spotless white dhoti and chudder and flowing biscuit silk achkan. He wears a small close fitting turban of silk and buckram with silk ends falling down behind. His manner is dignified, not to say haughty and his look is not free from sullenness.*

ADDERLEY: Babu Protap Roy.

*The newcomer bows but does not take His Excellency's proffered hand. The Governor, not accustomed to this kind of address, begins to freeze.*

THE GOVERNOR: Sit down, Mr. Roy.

*They sit and there is the usual pause. The Governor is not inclined to open the conversation. Presently Protap moves uneasily in his chair.*

PROTAP (*speaking somewhat slowly*): I have

come, Your Excellency, to offer my life and all that I have to the Government.

GOVERNOR (*gratified but somewhat staggered*): That's very good of you, Mr. Roy.

PROTAP: I have held back, Sir, for many years. But now, with murder rampant all over the country, I am compelled to come forward to help the Government.

GOVERNOR (*more warmly*): I wish there were more men of your stamp in the country, Protap Babu. The Government welcomes any help you can give it.

PROTAP: I wish to help it to unearth the real murderers—the conspirators who remain in the background.

GOVERNOR: Like your relative, Hem Chunder, perhaps?

*Protap starts violently and half rises from his seat. Then, frowning fiercely, regardless of the Presence, he speaks.*

PROTAP: Your Excellency, Hem Chunder is a stranger to me. I have not seen him for ten years.

GOVERNOR (*coolly*): Indeed! And whom, then, do you accuse of complicity in the Terror?

PROTAP (*recovering himself*): The man who has just gone out from your presence—Tincowrie Mono.

GOVERNOR: The man who built the Ponambong College?

PROTAP: He built it for the worst of purposes—to corrupt the youth of the district. And he has done so.

GOVERNOR: What else is there against him?

PROTAP: Nothing. He is too cunning. But I know he is steeped in treachery and hatred of the English.

GOVERNOR: He is not exactly a friend of yours, is he?

PROTAP (*vehemently*): God forbid! He is a common bunnia, who has grown rich by cheating and oppressing my tenantry. A generation ago he would not have dared to sit down in my presence.

GOVERNOR: Ah, times change, don't they—and we change with them. Is there anyone else you suspect, Mr. Roy?

PROTAP: I suspect nearly everyone. Your Excellency, the terrible thing is that the whole district seems leagued against the Government. I hardly know my own people since Tincowrie Babu came amongst us.

GOVERNOR: I was afraid of this. That is why I have come down myself to inquire into things. (*Rising*) Well, good day, Mr. Roy. I'm obliged to you for coming so promptly to my assistance. I hope to see you to-morrow at the meeting which I propose to address.

*He shakes hands with Protap, who also rises and now bows in a more courtly manner than at the outset.*

PROTAP: I will be there, Sir. And I am equally ready to devote my life and my last rupee to put down Tincowrie and the other murderers.

*He backs a pace or two, then turns and walks out, the Private Secretary opening the door for him. As soon as he has gone H.E. yawns and stretches himself.*

GOVERNOR: By Jove, these people do tire one! Rather piquant to receive the two main conspirators, one after the other! I wonder which of them was lying the hardest.

PRIVATE SECRETARY: Both of them, I expect, Sir. A case of local jealousy gone mad. The most serious thing is the way the people here seem to sympathise with the Terrorists.

GOVERNOR: That's natural enough. They think the Terrorists are winning, and they want to be on the winning side. It's a frightful tangle. Oh, Thornton, will you ask O'Reilly to come here? Have you those decoded messages from Home?

PRIVATE SECRETARY: Yes, Sir. (*Opens an attaché case and hands papers to the Governor; then closes the case and goes out.*)

H.E. adjusts his pince nez and, going to the empty fireplace stands with his back to it and runs through them.

GOVERNOR (*soliloquising*): Damn them! One moment they call for tact and leniency. The next they howl for an example to be made. And, whatever happens, we poor devils on the spot get the blame.

*He sits down on the Chesterfield, still looking through the papers. Enter O'Reilly in mufti.*

O'REILLY: You sent for me, Sir.

GOVERNOR: Sit down, O'Reilly (*indicates the chair next the Chesterfield*). Yes, my dear fellow, I sent for you. You are the only man who can pull me—and when I say me I mean the Government—out of the worst mess we've been in since I took charge.

O'REILLY: I'm sorry to hear that, Sir.

GOVERNOR: Look at these telegrams. Every damn one of them dictated by panic and inspired by the most disgusting unfairness. The politicians at home have got the wind up. They in their turn have put the wind up the Viceroy. And they and the Viceroy are doing their damndest to put the wind up me. And, by Jove, they've come uncommonly near doing it!

O'REILLY: What's it all about?

GOVERNOR: They're all down on me—that is, on my Government—the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State, the Viceroy. They blame me for all these murders. They say they're the result of my policy. But, damn it, my policy has been their policy—their policy of concession, ca' canny and humour the Arvan brother. Haven't I been doing that all the time?

O'REILLY: You have, indeed, Sir.

GOVERNOR: I have done it as often as not against my own better judgment. I hate and despise weakness in a Government myself—

O'REILLY: So do the Indians, all of them—they loathe it.

GOVERNOR: But I have bowed to what I took to be the superior wisdom of my betters—and now what do I get? Message after message telling me my policy has been all wrong, that I am responsible for the frightful state the province has got into—and in fine that, unless I can stop all these assassinations and round up the Terrorists, I'm liable to be recalled—you know—in other words, the sack! Was ever anything so rank unfair?

O'REILLY: It looks as though the public at home must be sitting up and taking notice of poor old India.

GOVERNOR: Right, as usual, O'Reilly. But the point is—how the devil are we going to end this cursed Reign of Terror? There is where you come in. And, first of all—have you had any success in this particular hotbed?

O'REILLY: Any amount, Sir.

GOVERNOR: I know. You said so just before these two local bigwigs came in. Apropos, they each accuse the other of being in the murder conspiracy!

O'REILLY: Naturally. They hate each other like poison.

GOVERNOR: But, seriously, have you got on to anything good—I mean anything that will avert the wrath of the tin gods at Whitehall?

O'REILLY: Well—I have found out the heads of the conspiracy.

GOVERNOR: You have! Have you arrested them?

O'REILLY: No.

GOVERNOR: Why?

O'REILLY: The usual reason—no evidence. And an additional one in Ponambong—most of the people here are hand in glove with the Terror.

GOVERNOR: Then what is to be done? Who are the ringleaders?

O'REILLY: Do you mind if I keep that back in the meantime? I'll get them. I'll break up the conspiracy, and teach this damned place a lesson—on one condition.

GOVERNOR: What is it?

O'REILLY: That you give me an absolutely free hand.

GOVERNOR: Of course.

O'REILLY: Ah, but I don't mean a free hand in the ordinary sense. Law and order be damned! The King's writ no longer runs in this cursed country. And I'm Irish. I want to deal with the conspirators in the Irish way.

GOVERNOR: How?

O'REILLY: I haven't yet made up my mind whether to kill them out of hand or whether to hold them as hostages, and shoot them in the event of any further murders of officials. In any case, I've done with the old methods. You see how futile they are. I'm going to behave exactly as though I were after tiger—no quarter given, and no questions asked. And I'm going to teach the good burghers of Ponambong a lesson they'll remember for the rest of their lives.

GOVERNOR: Gad, O'Reilly, it sounds good.

O'REILLY: It's the only way.

GOVERNOR: I'm convinced you're right.

O'REILLY: Then, Sir, you give me carte blanche?

GOVERNOR: I only wish I could. But how can I? You know these so-called reforms are due at any moment, and the word has gone forth that on no account must any action be taken which will put our Aryan politicians in a bad humour. And if you get gunning among the Terrorists and dragooning the householders of Ponambong as you propose, you'll have millions of lawyer politicians yelling for your blood—



O'REILLY: They're welcome to it—if they can get it!

GOVERNOR: Yes, but what about mine?

O'REILLY: Isn't your number up, Sir, if you can't put an end to the Terror?

GOVERNOR: Yes, but can't we do that by less drastic means?

O'REILLY: No, Sir. The only way to fight Terror is with terror. The logic of it is as simple as the psychology. The directors of the Terror believe in terror, that is, in fear. They believe in fear because they themselves are under its influence. Threaten them; still better, shoot half a dozen of them—and the rest will throw up the sponge. I'm certain of it; and I'm sick of the silly attempts to catch these birds by sprinkling salt on their tails.

GOVERNOR: I'm with you all the time, O'Reilly, but I—I dare not. That's flat.

O'REILLY: You daren't?

GOVERNOR: No.

O'REILLY: I'm afraid I expected this.

*He rises, takes a sealed envelope from his pocket, hands it to His Excellency with a bow, and turns on his heel.*

O'REILLY: Good afternoon, Sir.

GOVERNOR (*agitated*): Stop! O'Reilly, what's this?

O'REILLY (*half turning back*): It's my resignation, Your Excellency. I refuse to be a police jackal any more.

GOVERNOR: But, confound it, you can't do this.

O'REILLY (*grimly*): Can't I, Sir? You don't know me.

GOVERNOR: I mean, you can't throw in your hand at a moment's notice. I refuse to accept this resignation.

O'REILLY: It makes no difference to me. I'm through with the Service. I shall leave Bombay by the next mail.

GOVERNOR: But that entails dismissal from Government service. You know what that means?

O'REILLY: Perfectly. And I also know what will be said at home—especially when I give my reasons.

GOVERNOR (*starting up and laying a hand on his shoulder*): O'Reilly, you can't go like this. Sit down and let's talk things over.

O'REILLY: No, Sir. There's been far too much talk as it is. Talk, talk, talk! I'm sick of talk; and, so far as I'm concerned, the last word has been said. Good day, Sir.

*He strides to the door L and just as he gets there the door opens and Thornton and Adderley come in. They stare open-mouthed at H.E.'s agitation and at the truculent set of O'Reilly's jaw, seeing them the Governor throws out his hands in a gesture of defeat.*

GOVERNOR: Very well, O'Reilly. I agree—damn you!

O'REILLY: You do?

GOVERNOR: Yes.

O'REILLY: Then tear up that letter, Sir—and send an express to Mugra Jan for a battalion of Gurkhas. They must be in Ponambong by daylight to-morrow.

[CURTAIN]

(To be continued).

## Theatre Notes

### "The Duchess of Malfi"

Embassy Theatre

By John Webster

THERE is a deal of beauty in this play of the Elizabethan era, and a deal of almost crude melodrama. The beauty has indeed been added to by Mr. John Fernald's production, but the melodrama, no doubt with the intention of trying to preserve the best only, has been so watered down as almost to provoke a smile. And when four miscreants die in true operatic fashion—each taking an unconscionable time in dying while he pronounces judgment on his own and other people's former misdeeds—I fear I was tempted to forget some of the best and think only on the worst aspect of "the Duchess of Malfi."

But in so doing I would not belittle the splendid performance of Joyce Bland, whose every word and gesture as The Duchess was eloquent.

### "The Greeks Had a Word For It"

Cambridge Theatre

By Zoe Akins

If you are interested in gold-diggers; if you are curious to know how they translate "having a good time"; then, go to see this play.

Hermione Baddeley, Angela Baddeley and Margaret Rawlings are the gold-diggers in question and the author has made them sentimental, homely and vicious respectively. If I must choose between them I am most definitely in favour of the sentimental—as portrayed by Hermione Baddeley. Her performance was brilliant. C.S.



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## Books in Brief

SIR HARRY BRITTAİN has already produced one very popular book on air travel, "By Air," and he has now published another, "Wings of Speed" (Hutchinsons, 5s., illustrated), which deserves to command a very wide sale both because of the wealth of interesting information it contains and because it is so eminently readable, requiring no technical knowledge in the reader and setting out the present conditions and future problems of aviation in a fascinating manner. He tells us in his preface that his object was "to interest boys of all ages, not only schoolboys, but those boys who may be in their forties and are still youthful in mind and spirit." Certainly his book should appeal to both classes of "boys."

The publishing house of Routledge celebrated its centenary in 1934, and it is appropriate that this should be made the occasion for a book on the distinguished history of this firm and of the other firms associated with and amalgamated with it. The author of the history is Mr. F. A. Mumby ("The House of Routledge," Routledge, 7s. 6d.), and his book reveals the amazing pioneering energy of the first George Routledge, the many-sided activities of his successors, the blight that fell on the whole publishing trade on the outbreak of the War, and the post-war developments which have led to a vigorously rejuvenated Broadway House.

Those who have read, either in their original French or in translations, M. Maurois' charming and imaginative studies of Shelley, Byron or Disraeli will turn with anticipations of pleasurable readings to his latest book on Dickens ("Dickens," translated by Hamish Miles, 5s., John Lane, the Bodley Head). M. Maurois tells us that "an optimistic philosophy of life is something which Dickens and the English people have in common. It is impossible to live long with Englishmen without realising how deeply all their actions are pervaded by the 'Dickens spirit.' During the war Frenchmen were often surprised, observing English officers and soldiers, by this innocent, almost childish cheerfulness, that joy of action, that urge to organise a game in any circumstances—all Dickensian traits."

### Greenland Exploration

Alfred Wegener's last expedition to Greenland resulted in the leader losing his life but also in the making of very valuable scientific investigations. The story of that expedition is now told in Dr. Johannes Georgi's new book, which consists very largely of the letters he wrote and the diary he kept during the whole time he spent—for many months quite alone—in the interior of Greenland, some 300 miles from the base on the western coast ("Mid-Ice," with 24 plates, translated by F. H. Lyon, Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d.). It is a story of great pluck and endurance and bears out what the author says in his concluding words: "The Arctic demands real men for real work, and for these men complete devotion and confidence."

Mr. C. W. A. Scott not only set up a wonderful flight record with Campbell Black to Melbourne from England, but he and his publishers created something of a publishing record by bringing out a book, in which that flight is fully described, within a few weeks of the winning of the England-Australia race. The book is called "Scott's Book" (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d., illustrated). In this the airman writes his own life story and details his flying experiences first in the R.A.F. and later in commercial aviation in Australia. We read of one miraculous escape from a bad crash, of how he acted as escort to Amy Johnson on the last stage of her Australian flight and of his own three record England-Australia flights before the Mildenhall-Melbourne race. The whole story is modestly told, but with a certain liveliness that makes pleasant reading.

The Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, has had a life full of incident and adventure, and he writes, with his usual vivaciousness and humour, of his "Adventures and Accidents" in a book of that title just issued by Methuen (with ten illustrations, 5s.). In this we are told some of the tricks he played on the Boers during the investment of Mafeking, and there are other stories of the Ashanti war, of pig-sticking, of elephant and lion hunts, of a lone Ghazi's charge to his death and, not the least interesting of the series, of how the Chief Scout in his younger days escaped from the Matabele through being sure-footed owing to proficiency in skirt-dancing!

There are numbers of people nowadays who, without any claims to be serious observers of bird life, take a keen interest in the birds feeding at their windows or frequenting their gardens. It is for these people that Mr. H. Mortimer Batten has written "Our Garden Birds" (illustrated in colour, Nelsons, 5s.). In this book Mr. Batten describes all the ordinary birds that one comes across in the country, the suburbs and our cities, and he also gives much interesting information regarding their habits and food.

Lord David Cecil has just published a volume of illuminating essays on Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, Mrs. Gaskell, Anthony Trollope and George Eliot, with an introductory chapter, in which he points out "the extraordinary mixture of strength and weakness" in the Victorian novelists ("Early Victorian Novelists," Constable, 10s.). They had, he says, faults of form as well as of matter. But at least they could tell a story well and their range of subject was as large as their range of mood. They had the quality of creative imagination in a supreme degree.

## RECENT NOVELS

FEW writers can equal Mrs. Dorothy Whipple's skill in describing an ordinary middle-class family in all the beauty of its courage, its humour and its adaptability, yet without exaggeration of its more drab aspects "They Knew Mr. Knight" (John Murray, 7s. 6d.) is yet another proof of this skill. In spite of its four hundred and sixty odd pages, one finishes this tale of the Blakes' chequered history with regret, and the hope that there will one day be a sequel.

### Match-making and Breaking

"King, Queen, Knave," by Norman Davey (Grayson, 7s. 6d.), is unusual both in theme and in treatment. Anthony Harte's friends and relations, united in strong disapproval of his marriage to a woman whose looks seem to her to be her only recommendation, all take a hand in the dangerous game of match-making and match-breaking. That the results are not quite what was expected goes without saying, but it is all very entertaining reading.

### Stories of the Sea

Bartimeus' new book "A Make and Mend" is published by Messrs. Rich and Cowan at 7s. 6d. He is a man who needs no introduction, for his books are deservedly famous. It is the Navy, first and last, that is his theme and there is no other writer to-day who can portray the true Naval character as does Bartimeus. He knows it to the very core and has the ability also to express it on paper. In "A Make and Mend," we find that same sure touch which characterised "The Navy Eternal" and his other masterpieces, the same humour, the same grave passages of occasional pathos, which bring the spirit of the Navy so vividly to our eyes. These stories are little gems. They are the sort to keep you from your bed at night, not once, but many times.

Another book with the sea as its theme is "The Ship in the Fanlight," by W. Townend (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.). Again this is a novel which will be widely read and appreciated. Mr. Townend has written several books of sea yarns and this, his latest, shews that his hand has lost none of its cunning.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## India and the White Paper Peril

SIR,—In your issues of 5th and 12th May last, you published an appreciation of my "India at the Parting of the Ways" (Lincoln Williams, Ltd.), which had just then appeared with a Foreword from Sir Michael O'Dwyer. Other papers treated it with similar kindness, but when it attracted the attention of the Press subservient to the Government of the day, its virtual boycott was a foregone conclusion.

The public, bewildered and appalled by the vastness of the issues raised, evade the duty of forming their own conclusions by leaving the matter to the politicians themselves.

To boycott statements of unpalatable truths is a simple matter. No discussion or dispute of the relevant facts is necessary; it suffices (as in my case) for the critic to fasten on minor misprints, or upon errors in dates of events remotely if at all affecting the main argument.

If that is not sufficient proof of the author's untrustworthiness, a more effective way can be found by citing an expression, wrested from its context so as to give it a meaning directly the reverse of that intended and clearly stated by its author. To sum the work up as "a Manual for Diehards," to certain minds, says all that need be said of the book!

My attention has recently been drawn to two works equally deserving of the epithet applied to mine. They are from the pen of a brother-officer of wide and lengthy political and frontier experience, and set forth the essential facts concisely and convincingly.

The earlier of these, issued at the end of 1932, but even more vital to-day, takes the form of an Open Letter to Members of both Houses of Parliament. The later, dated 1934, sets forth the inevitable disaster to the finances of India inherent in the so-called reforms about to be rushed through Parliament.

We Diehards are dismayed at the undisguised dictatorship set up by the MacDonald—Baldwin—Hoare triumvirate; Parliament is politely but firmly requested to refrain from scrutinizing the Bill about to be presented to it, Parliament, if Democracy means anything at all, being the final arbiter where the future not merely of India but of the British Empire itself is at stake! These gamblers in human lives admit the perils and risks of their game, but dread the possibility of public opinion being drawn to it lest the portals of their Monte Carlo be closed upon them before their last stake has been placed on the table.

J. A. WYLLIE, Lieut.-Col.  
Indian Army (Retired).

Mont' Estoril, Portugal.

## Tribute from an Indian Zamindar

SIR,—I was delighted to come across your weekly paper through the agency of a friend some three months ago. Now I have decided to take in your paper, since I am leaving for my village in a short time. I am enclosing a postal draft to cover a year's subscription.

I wish there were more papers like yours in this country. We (as the present day Press calls us) Diehards are sick of going through the stuff written in the papers advocating J. C. R. and whatever Mr. MacDonald and Sir S. Hoare say and do.

What is more I have been delighted to find Mr. Hamish Blair writing to your paper, and I have not missed one week's publication of yours for the last three months, thanks to my above-mentioned friend.

I hope to see him continuing to contribute his very interesting articles to your really patriotic paper.

With best wishes.

S. A. RAV.  
(Zamindar of Telaprole).

## British Justice in India

SIR,—The effect of the proposed so-called reforms in India on the administration of justice has not up to now received much consideration, but is of serious importance both to Indians and Europeans.

British justice, as administered hitherto in the law courts in India and the Privy Council, has been much admired by Indians. It is presumably the British who have made the British justice.

But we are faced to-day with the prospect that the British element in the judiciary and magistracy (already much reduced) will decline much further. No one can quite predict all that may result. Will the justice remain British?

However so long as the Privy Council and the Indian High Courts remain intact, some degree of hope may be justified. They form the apex of the judicial system. But the White Paper and the Report of the Joint Committee threaten this also.

It is proposed to confer certain appellate powers on a Federal Court (not yet in being) ousting to that extent the Privy Council.

Even if a Federal Court is needed for the settlement of certain constitutional disputes which may arise (and this may be doubted), why should it be given any jurisdiction in ordinary cases? Is it likely to be more efficient than the Privy Council?

The Joint Committee also proposes changes in the rules governing the personnel of the High Courts, while admitting the excellence of the existing arrangements. Could absurdity go further? Vague proposals are made which are likely to lead to political wangling.

But surely the reliability of the Courts ought to be the one consideration.

One can imagine a dialogue on these lines:—

*Representative of India*: "Sir, we have great admiration of British justice."

*Joint Committee*: "Yes, but you see in our scheme we are providing for a really magnificent new type of judiciary . . ."

There ought to be a limit to this sort of thing.

J. H. SANDERS.

Beechwood Avenue, Weybridge.

## Idealism in Constitution-making

SIR,—I was delighted to see the comments in your Empire pages on the subject of the malaria epidemic in Ceylon.

As you rightly say, Eastern politicians have no use for sanitation, and it is a fact that, as a result of our efforts to hand over the destinies of Ceylon to its politicians, not only has the island no mosquito regulations that can be put into force, but the money the medical authorities have been earnestly asking for has been steadily refused by the State Council.

Now the politicians, who are to blame for the epidemic that has affected half a million people and caused thousands of deaths, have temporarily had to take a back seat, and the more responsible sections of the public in the island have been insisting on the Government reviving the Mosquito Ordinance which the politicians so summarily rejected in December, 1933.

The Ceylon epidemic has its obvious moral, but it is to be feared that it will not have much, if any, effect in lessening the enthusiasm of Whitehall for further idealistic experiments in constitution-making.

No argument after all can have much validity in the case of men determined to surrender our Eastern possessions on the very slightest provocation!

SYDNEY HARRINGTON.

Belsize Avenue, N.W.8.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## The British Legion Scandal

SIR,—I note with interest that your contributor has been urging the setting up of a court of inquiry into the affairs of the British Legion in England.

Legionaries all over the country are now keenly waiting to see how the Legion will react to this pressure. It is to be hoped that the Executive will bear in mind that, if an inquiry is necessary, then an inquiry is inevitable, and the sooner it is held the better it will be for them, the Legion, and ex-Service men in general.

In Scotland, unfortunately, those at the head of affairs do not seem to realise this. As long ago as June 16th last, the Annual Conference unanimously decided that an inquiry should be at once held into a number of very grave charges. This decision, I may say, was taken after sufficient evidence to substantiate the charges had been produced.

Seven months have passed and no inquiry has taken place. Who can blame the rank and file for becoming suspicious and showing their impatience at the delay? And who can blame the general public for gradually losing interest in the ex-Service movement? For obviously, if there were not something radically wrong with the administration, there would have been no attempt made to shelve the inquiry; it would have been held long ago.

WATSONIAN.

Edinburgh.

## Those High Salaries

SIR,—I have been amazed to learn that the Legion pays salaries of £2,000 and £1,000 per annum and yet, apparently—according to Major Gilbert Cohen—underpays those who do the real work.

Certainly the "Labourer is worthy of his hire," but, as your special correspondent points out, in an organisation whose motto is "service not self," the payment of a Cabinet Minister's salary to an official is a scandal.

It seems to me that the high officials in question can have little real love of their work and I cannot help thinking that a much better type of man would be obtained for a more moderate salary.

After all, this is not a business organisation and these huge salaries have to be paid from the pennies of needy people who cheerfully give on poppy day, little knowing the enormous proportion that goes in "expenses!"

S. SPRING.

64, Castellain Mansions, W.9.

## What Ought to be the Object

SIR,—Please allow me to say that I am entirely in accord with your views in regard to the conduct of the British Legion.

It is time that the light of day were allowed to penetrate, that the ex-Service man got unstinted help, instead of hindrance, that the Legion worked against the Ministry of Pensions and not with them.

That is surely one of the objects for which the Legion was created—to "right wrong" and help the men who helped us—not to create jobs for a favoured few and acquire honours for those who are deliberately prostituting what should be a sacred trust.

CATHERINE MCBRIDE.

4, The Leas, Folkestone.

## War on Religion in Russia

SIR,—The war on religion in Russia has been prosecuted with increasing intensity for the last sixteen years, and those who watch the course of Russian affairs are well aware how comprehensive and thorough is its organisation.

Russian Christians, clergy, ministers, and people, are systematically dispersed and exterminated by deportation to timber camps and labour camps; and yet the Russian Church is still alive and vital. The oppression goes on but the number of those who are willing to suffer does not decrease, and witnesses the faithfulness to Christ of His Russian people.

It is common knowledge that within recent years a united protest against the religious persecutions in

Russia was made on the initiative of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and supported by other religious leaders in this country. Intercessory services were sanctioned in the provinces of Canterbury and York on behalf of the persecuted brethren in Russia.

But prayers and protests apart, it may interest you to know what else is being done to help and comfort those brave and meek souls who, nevertheless, apparently rejoice in their tribulations.

Several organisations are at work. I can speak from first hand knowledge of what is being done by The Russian Clergy and Church Aid Fund. This Fund, which has the patronage and support of the Archbishop of Canterbury, sends money orders, food and clothing parcels regularly to individual Christians in all parts of Russia. Priests, ministers, and their families, both those who are still at liberty and those who are exiled to timber or labour camps, are assisted.

We have proof that these gifts are received by those to whom they have been sent, and know how gratefully they are appreciated. The Fund could do much more work of this kind if it had the money to do it.

The Russian Clergy and Church Aid Fund also assists in providing for the spiritual needs of Russians outside Russia, of whom there are about 6,300,000, through the Russian Theological Institute in Paris, the Russian Student Christian Movement, and other agencies.

The honorary secretary of the Fund will be pleased to send to any of your readers who apply information regarding the war on religion in Russia.

J. BALFOUR DUFFUS.

Russian Clergy and Church Aid Fund,  
20, St. James's Square, S.W.1.

## Conservatives Must Move

SIR,—Never has the prestige of the House of Commons and Conservative Party been so lowered and disgraced as when two Cabinet Ministers, Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare, brazenly and deliberately denied the accuracy of Major Courtauld's statement about the Indian Princes.

If Conservatives in the House allow Baldwin's Whips to coerce them into voting for this disposal of the Nation's property they ought to be tabooed by every Englishman who loves his country. This scheme is fostered and engineered by Mr. MacDonald, and this Cheap Jack Showman in his latest tirade had the barefaced impudence indirectly to assert that we should all come to Socialism!

Don't let us make any mistake about him, for his whole political career has been spent in trying to harm England by playing Russia's game and trying to prevent men from fighting to save their homes and country.

If the Conservatives don't put a stop to this Indian foolery and the dumping of goods free into the country which, if taxed, would save the dole money, and demand immediately that our defences are increased, there will be a terrible débâcle later on.

It only remains for the so-called Diehards to force Mr. Baldwin's resignation and come forward with a sound Conservative Policy. If men like Lords Wolmer and Lloyd and Sir Henry Page Croft took the matter in hand, I am convinced they would save this country and Conservatism.

VIGILANT.

## The Wavertree Election

SIR,—The great appeal by Lady Houston to the Nation is appropriate, now that Mr. Randolph Churchill is fighting on true Conservative policy.

The B.B.C., or "Betrayal By Conservatives," led by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, is not going unchallenged in the Wavertree by-election.

I consider that those Conservatives, who do not wholeheartedly support Mr. Churchill, will be making a terrible mistake.

ST. PANCAS.

## CINEMA

## MASQUERADE IN VIENNA

By Mark Forrest

**M**ASKERADE, the new picture at the Academy, is yet another Viennese film, but luckily the family of Strauss has for once been neglected, and one is allowed for a change to hear other music. This consists of some excerpts from "Carmen," with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra to render them, and some from "Rigoletto," with Caruso singing—a record of his voice having been carefully woven into the sound track.

The story with which the director, Mr. Forst, has to deal is a light-hearted one and, until near the end, there is a good deal of enjoyment to be got out of a tangle which begins with a doctor's wife sitting for an artist clad only in a mask and a muff. Unfortunately, just when matters promise to be really amusing, the story becomes melodramatic and the picture loses its grip.

## Published by Mistake

The crux of the plot lies in the artist painting the picture, and the picture, through the carelessness of the servant, being sent to a leading magazine and being duly published. This part is founded on fact, and the author, Mr. Reisch, then develops this by making the doctor recognise the muff as belonging to his brother's fiancée. The brother, who is the Court Opera musical director, is persuaded to go to the artist to demand satisfaction. The artist protests that, whoever the model was, she certainly was not the musical director's fiancée. The latter presses him for a name, and the artist gives him the first one that comes into his head.

The Court director, at the instance of the doctor, then proceeds to verify the facts, and unfortunately for everyone a woman of such a name does reside in Vienna and the comedy is set. When, however, the truth is at last allowed to rear its head and the doctor discovers that the sitter was his own wife, who had borrowed the muff, the story begins to get out of hand.

The settings throughout are brilliantly contrived and the elegant society of Vienna well suggested. The camera work is clever and the acting uniformly good. None of the characters is a cypher, and the three women are well contrasted in the persons of Paula Wessely, Olga Tschechowa and Hilde von Stolz.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

WILLY FORST'S Viennese Sensation of Europe

**"MASKERADE" (A)**

with Paula Wessely.

[It was stated in error in last week's Academy Cinema advertisement that children under fourteen would be admitted half-price to matinees. This was not the case, and we regret any inconvenience caused to Academy patrons.]

## MUSIC

## THE ENGLISH SPIRIT

By Herbert Hughes

**A**LTHOUGH Mr. Bruce Flegg is a young tenor, with his reputation still to make, his recital at the Wigmore Hall last Saturday was one of the most interesting of the season so far. He has a good deal yet to learn in the way of sheer technique; how to permit his voice to sing, for example, without strain, without any suggestion of anxiety, to give his audience the impression that he is perfectly comfortable and very much at home. At present the sense of strain, of a slight throatiness, prevents him giving the effect his intelligence demands. With more confidence he will be able to dramatise the songs he sings, and—unless I am greatly mistaken—this is what he wants to do.

It was, I think, no accident of arrangement that his programme was as dramatic as it was lyrical. Alessandro Scarlatti's *Cantata Pastorale*, dating from the early years of the eighteenth century, dramatises the Nativity; Vaughan Williams, in "On Wenlock Edge," dramatises the English countryside; Roger Quilter, in his "To Julia" cycle, dramatises the Elizabethan lyric; and I feel sure it was no fortuitous thing that brought the two English cycles together. They belong to the same period—that is to say, the first decade of the century; and each has qualities that make for permanence. Each is the work of an Englishman with the literature and music of England in the marrow of his bones, and each was performed as the composer wished, with string quartet and piano—the players being the Griller String Quartet (Sidney Griller, Philip Burton, Jack O'Brien and Colin Hampton) and Norman Franklin.

## The Perfect Performance

One is tempted to say here that the only perfect performance of either cycle was on the lips of Gervase Elwes when they were first heard in those far-off days, perfect because Elwes had the kind of culture and the kind of brain that raised singing from the level required of the old "royalty" ballad to that required by artists. Elwes, like his baritone prototype, Plunket Greene, not only established a tradition that had dignity in it—raising it, I mean, above the professional standards of their youth—but gave encouragement to composers to write the kind of stuff they would not be ashamed to sign. "On Wenlock Edge" and "To Julia" belong to this epoch.

That epoch is finished. Neither Vaughan Williams nor Quilter will write such works again. In his approach to the verse of Housman, Vaughan Williams had all the lyricism of Yeats when he wrote "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," and Quilter, an even more self-troubled artist, has never got beyond the lyric mood. The careers of the two composers have been widely divergent, and there is no comparison in their output. Vaughan Williams cannot avoid an international reputation; it is his by valour, Quilter, on the other hand, with a culture as sensitive, remains typical of the English spirit at its most parochial, and therefore most authentic.





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## MOTORING

### OUR COLONIAL MARKET

By Sefton Cummings

ONE of the greatest arguments against the horse-power tax and the consequent development of small high efficiency engines was that these were unsuitable for the colonial market, where rough conditions had to be overcome. The recent reduction should tend to assist in this direction, although there are healthy signs that we are already recapturing a large proportion of this trade which had gone to America.

English manufacturers have, in fact, attacked this market in a business-like manner. First they set out to discover what the Dominions wanted and then set out to supply this demand. This involves not only a suitable chassis design for countries where commercial vehicles have often to pass over the stumps of trees, to say nothing of uneven ground, but suitable accessories.

A type of safety glass which would not discolour or disintegrate in hot climates was one of the requirements of certain parts of the Empire, which for a long time was difficult to fulfill; recently, however, Triplex have introduced a new type of safety glass, which is no longer a triple sandwich but a single piece. This has been tried out with success in the hottest climates and is playing its part in regaining for us this important market.

### Dangers of Glare

While on the subject of glass, it may not be out of place to touch on the question of glare. This may not be a matter which occupies much attention among motorists in England at this time of year; but in the summer it can, on occasions, be definitely annoying, if not dangerous.

In warmer climes and when travelling at very high speeds, it is a recognised danger factor, and it is interesting to record that Sir Malcolm Campbell has made provision for this in his forthcoming attack on the world's speed record.

He has ordered several sets of goggles of safety glass, each of which is differently tinted, and he will wear the ones which prove best to minimise the glare on the day of the attempt. It has been found by experiment that glare differs from day to day and that the most efficient tint on one occasion may not be so on the next.

I have been taking the opinion of a representative number of motorists about the proposed speed limits, and the general consensus is that there will be a great deal of opposition to what are regarded as reactionary measures. To the modern car in proper condition, forty or fifty miles an hour can be reached while still retaining perfect control and pulling-up power, and it seems unfair that the owner of such vehicles should be forced to drive at an unreasonably slow pace.

On the other hand, there are many cars on the road to-day whose brakes are not efficient and which are dangerous at almost any speed. It seems that some form of test will have to be introduced.



## BROADCASTING

## Television and the B.B.C.

By Alan Howland

**T**HE fate of television hangs in the balance. It can either be a splendid thing which will add something to the lives of those who are able to see and hear it or it can develop into an extra and rather tiresome sub-section of a B.B.C. Department.

It would be foolish to forecast what the future of television may be. I can only hope, with some millions of other licence-holders, that it will not fall into the inert and not too clean hands of the B.B.C.

## Unqualified

Let us consider for a moment what might happen if this new art were monopolised by the Portland Place Pundits. In the first place there is not one single person on the staff of the B.B.C. who has the faintest idea how to match sound with image.

True, certain highly-paid members of the staff have allowed their microphonic masterpieces to be adapted for the sound-cameras (for a consideration, of course) just as they themselves have adapted the works of Shakespeare, and may I say Humperdinck, for the microphone (for a consideration, of course). This is all very jolly and radio-generic.

The fact remains that there is not one single (in its mathematical sense) member of the B.B.C. staff who has the faintest idea of what is meant by

"sound plus image." This, I know, is a question of little importance because the type of person who can invent the term "radio-generic" will, if put to it, unblushingly excuse his two-dimensional programmes on the score that they are "too terribly televisionic."

I find myself therefore in a quandary. I believe that television must come and that it can be a real force: I want it to be perfected. I am, however, sufficient of an idealistic to hope that it will not fall into the hands of the present inhabitants of the annexe to St. George's Hall, and this for two reasons.

## No Monopoly

The first is fairly obvious: there is nobody capable of handling this new invention. The second is a matter of profound belief which is incapable of proof. I believe that the B.B.C., even if it decided to engage a new staff to organise its television programmes, would engage the wrong people.

There is no doubt in my mind that, under the beneficent influence of the present broadcasting monarchs (constitutional of course) television will eventually find itself despised and rejected. There is no reason why this calamity should take place and I believe it can be avoided by preventing what may be a virile art from falling into the hands of a dull, effete and unimaginative monopoly.

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## and BOARDING HOUSES

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## SCHOLASTIC

## EPSOM COLLEGE, SURREY.

**SCHOLARSHIPS** and **EXHIBITIONS** as under, open to boys over 12 and under 14 years of age on 1st January in the year of competition, are awarded annually:—

(a) Two Open Entrance Scholarships of £100 p.a.

In years when the Thomsen-Broughton or Domett-Stone Scholarships are available, the value is increased to £120 and £110 respectively. Boys in the School are not eligible to compete. Entries close 15th February.

(b) To Open Scholarships of £80 p.a. Boys in the School of the requisite age may compete *part passu* with those not in the College. Entries close 15th February.

(c) Council Exhibitions of £80 p.a., the number of which is variable, but averages three a year. For these last named only sons of registered Medical Practitioners in need of some assistance are eligible. Entries close 1st January.

Examinations for the above take place in March each year.

Further particulars can be obtained from the Headmaster or the Bursar at the College, or the Secretary, Epsom College Office, 49, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

The inclusive School Fees are £155 p.a., with a reduction of £20 p.a. for the sons of medical men or women. The College Blue Book, containing full information about the School, will be sent on request.

# The Empire Week by

## Week

### Food Marks Ramp

By Antipodean.

IT is announced that all imported meat must be branded with country of origin (or "Empire" in the case of the Dominions if they so wish it).

The brand must be so distributed on a carcase of lamb or mutton that any joint sold will have on it in plain terms the country whence it came.

The desire for the word "Empire" can only appeal to those who can use its general application for their own advantage. I am sure New Zealand will mark her lamb and mutton with her own name.

And when this new meat marking order comes into operation is it going to be enforced? Is it going to remain a more or less farcical order, like the Merchandise Marks order concerning apples and pears?

The present law on this subject directs that all apples, pears and other fruit shall be marked with "country of origin," or "Home-grown," "Empire" or "foreign."

Let anyone have a look at the fruiterers' windows and see to what extent the order is obeyed.

The carrying out of the regulations under the Merchandise Marks Act is vested in the Agricultural Department in the first instance, and (under that Department) in the local authority inspector.

The latter, of course, depends for his job on the borough council, and if a fruiterer happens to sit on the Council, well is there any need to say more? Human nature is human nature.

And it will be the same with the meat marking order. Has the Government appointed inspectors to have the order carried out, or is it to be left to the private individual, or an aggrieved Dominion to undertake the enforcement of the British Law as in the past?

New Zealand has had to bring her own meat trade prosecutions hitherto.

What is the use of instituting laws if the requisite machinery is not also provided for enforcing them?

The "National marks" application to-day anyone will find is a sheer ramp if they trace the goods to their origin—especially in the case of eggs.

It isn't the egg-farmer who marks the eggs with the "national" mark, but the packer; and when you see a "national" marked packet in your shop, do you know how long it has been in the shop?

And is there any inspector appointed to see that such eggs shall not be kept too long before sale?

No; the onus of complaint rests with the customer who gets an over-ripe egg or two. And what redress has the customer?

### Narendra Mandal

#### Mysteries

THE cables have been very busy of late concerning the seemingly mysterious happenings in the Narendra Mandal—the Indian Princes' Chamber.

Official Delhi was the first to receive a shock. The Viceroy was to have opened the Chamber at the beginning of the week, with an address of the kind Lord Willingdon is fond of delivering to the Princes these days.

But, horror of all horrors, the Princes' meeting could not be held for lack of a quorum! Could this possibly be interpreted as a slight to His Majesty's representative by the most loyal of all Indians? Delhi shuddered at the thought and promptly put it aside. There must be other explanations, though what they were, no one could quite say.

Since then there have been other commotions. The Nawab of Rampur, a United Provinces Princeling, has resigned his membership of the Chamber, and the only two remaining important members of it—Their Highnesses of Patiala and Bikaner—have been credited with the intention of also resigning, though this has been subsequently denied. These two Princes, it is now stated, are anxious to reorganise the membership of the Chamber, and apparently their views have been accepted, because His Highness of Patiala has once more accepted the Chancellorship while the Maharaja of Bikaner has consented to become a member of the Standing Committee.

The Narendra Mandal's resolution, just moved by His Highness of Patiala, is a sufficient indication that the members of that body and the larger States which the Maharajas of Patiala and Bikaner represent, are by no means satisfied with the Joint Select Committee's report.

They say definitely that they can only accede to an All-India Federation provided the essential conditions and guarantees which have been pressed for are included in the constitution.

And they are going to reserve their opinion "until the Parliamentary Bill, the contents of the Treaty of Accession and the Instrument of Instructions to the Viceroy are examined."

It is obvious that the "guarantees" they want will not be conceded to them.

And if they finally agree to be parties to the Federal experiment it will be only because they are driven to accept it.

### EMPIRE DIARY

Jan. 29—Royal Society of Arts. Lecture, 4.30 p.m., "Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, and Empire Agriculture," by H. C. Sampson, C.I.E., Economic Botanist to the Kew Gardens.

Jan. 31—At 2.30 p.m., Imperial Institute. Illustrated Lecture by Col. M. C. Nangle, Indian Army (ret.): "The Land of the Rajput."

Jan. 27—Feb. 2—Empire Film Displays, Imperial Institute Cinema.

Feb. 7—At 8 p.m. Mr. Alex. Holm, C.M.G., C.B.E., late Director of Agriculture, Kenya Colony, will address the Planters' Group of the Royal Empire Society, at 17, Carlton House Terrace, London, S.W.1., on "Kenya Agriculture."

### EMPIRE ARRIVALS

Sir Archibald Weigall, Chairman of the Council of the Royal Empire Society, Lady Weigall and Miss Priscilla Weigall are returning from their visit to Australia the first week of February.

The following Canadian visitors are staying in London:—John Parnell, Victoria (B.C.), 37, Templars Ave., Golders Green, N.W.; Rowland McD. Horsey, Victoria (B.C.), 79, High St., Portsmouth; Wallie B. Davies, Vancouver (B.C.), 15, Disraeli Rd., Putney, S.W.15; D. S. Ward-Campbell, Vancouver (B.C.), 103, Cromwell Rd., S.W.7.; Catherine Horn, Vancouver (B.C.), 62, Cliffe Hill, Warwick; Andrew Bushby, Victoria (B.C.), "High Elms," Prestbury, Glos.

Mr. H. N. Warren, Customs Officer, Powell River, B.C., and his family, are at 176, Goldhurst Terrace, Hampstead.

East Africa.—W. H. Evans of Mlangeni, Nyasaland, Berners Hotel, Berners St., London, W.1.; B. N. Anantani, Editor of "The Zanzibar Voice," 265, Danes Inn House, Strand, London, W.C.2.; P. E. Mitchell, Chief Secretary to the Government of Tanganyika Territory, Savile Club, 61, Brook St., London, W.1.; N. A. Whitechurch, of Dina, Nyasaland, Chinstead, Surrey; H. Vanhegan of Kenya and Uganda Railways and Harbours, 255 Langside Rd., Glasgow; D. L. Anderson of Kenya Colony, c/o Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd., 9, Northumberland Ave., London, W.C.2.; B. J. Dunlop, Manager, National Bank of India, Zanzibar, c/o National Bank of India, 26, Bishopsgate, E.C.

Australia.—Professor Leslie Wilkinson, Dean of the Faculty of Architecture, Sydney University; Mr. John Andrews, of Sydney University, to study at Cambridge as a Rockefeller Foundation scholar; Mr. D. W. Smythe, of D. & W. Murray, Ltd., Sydney, on a business visit; Mr. J. H. Morell, of Sydney, formerly manager of the Australian Bank of Commerce; Dr. A. Caddy, of Chandrapara station Tylden, Victoria, with his wife and son; Mr. A. A. Joske, a Melbourne manufacturer, accompanied by Mrs. Joske.



## India and Imperial Defence—I.

By "Commodore"

ONE of the most complex of questions which the student of Imperial Defence has to face, is the position of India in the scheme. There are so many sides to the problem and so much diversification of interests that any concrete plan capable of meeting all the defensive needs is almost an impossibility.

India is a magnet to the greedy eyes of many countries. It is not for nothing that she has been named "The Brightest Jewel in the Empire's Crown." Her great and almost inexhaustible riches render her a prize well worthy of capture, and there is more than one State ready to pounce should there ever be any slackening in the present system of internal defence.

Effective defence needs a state of internal solidarity and cohesion if it is to be in any way capable of meeting its duties. No nation can safeguard itself if it is torn internally with party strife and religious discord.

The army in India has always been comparatively large and it is not very difficult to find the reason for its size.

British interests and responsibilities in India are so enormous that a large army has always been a necessity. No amount of talk on the sacredness of democracy, of individual or mass rights, can disguise the fact that the army has an extremely important rôle to fill. It is its strength, and the confidence inspired by that strength, which makes internal intercourse in India possible. The military aspect of the Defence of India is, therefore, two-fold. Internally, it must inspire the confidence that will bind the Indian people together when danger threatens. And it must be strong enough to discourage those countries which are waiting to grasp the prize should Britain show signs of relaxing her grip.

Any falling away from the present establishment would be accompanied by considerable danger, which would much more pronounced in the case of India than with in any other part of the Empire.

The danger lies in the internal dissensions which would automatically follow any lessening of the vigilance and moral power of the army.

## Australia's 147 Years

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

ARRIVING with the first Fleet at Sydney Cove 147 years ago today, Captain Arthur Phillip, R.N., turned the first page in the history of Australian settlement. January 26, 1788, is the day we celebrate, though there was nothing in the dawning of the now virile Commonwealth to suggest that someday, as a nation, we should commemorate the occasion—771 of the people in the fleet were convicts.

Let us rather look at the Australia

we see at the age of 147. There has been a temporary obscuring of the ideals sought by her people to conform to the bright, seagirt newness of their country, but they are worth the fight that will be continued for them.

The depression years may have seemed to older countries to be a deserved rebuke to Australia for travelling so far and so fast towards an ambitious conception of what every man is entitled to get from life. There have undoubtedly been many extravagances for which we have paid, but take the background of Australian social and economic development, and our impatience with painful gradualness in achieving better things may be understood.

## Imperial Opinions

"At a time when thrones were tottering throughout the world, the head of the British nation was more firmly entrenched than ever in the hearts of his people. No monarch could possibly set a better example."—*Mr. Lyons, Commonwealth Prime Minister, addressing Tasmanian Chamber of Commerce.*

"On May 6 all of us will wish to unite in thanksgiving to Almighty God for having preserved His Majesty whose wisdom and devotion to the wellbeing of his subjects have proved so inestimable a blessing."—*Speech from the Throne, Canadian Parliament.*

"The greatest danger ahead is Communism. In east and north Bengal there are indications that Communism has made its appearance, and, if it grows, the landholding classes will be wiped out before long."—*Sir B. L. Mitter addressing All-Bengal Landholders Conference.*

Our disabilities are essentially those inherent in the loose development of a great continent by a handful of people. Chief among these are the conflict of policy and conditions produced by the government of seven million Australians by seven different parliaments, none of which is quite clear about the line of demarcation of its authority.

One of the most hopeful factors in Australia's future is that her people have learned how to use the leisure that has been won by insistence upon the principle that their fair land is meant for living as well as working in. The Australian devotion to sport and holidays has long been a source of envious jibes. It may be honoured as prophetic when the world adjusts itself to the realisation that leisure is, and will be, far more important than before.

For my country when the fruitful years return, my basic desires are that there should be a freer inter-

nationalism in culture; that personal liberty should be less restricted by the D.O.R.A. state of mind our ancestors unfortunately brought with them and that we failed to revise, and that when the ideas of the Old World are imported, they should not be made to apply grotesquely in their Southern setting.

## Canada Looks to her Mines

By "A. C. M."

THE mining industry of Canada, for long a small economic factor in the Dominion, has, within the past few years, become a dominant influence in her recovery.

The two main causes of this change have been furnished by Great Britain. The abandonment of the gold standard in September, 1931, marked an era of stimulated progress in gold mining, in which Canada now ranks second in the world, with the price of bullion increasing about 70 per cent. The second cause was the departure from Free Trade by Britain in February, 1932, followed by the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa in July, 1932, when a basis of metal preferences was given that has resulted in the sale of about 56 per cent. of Canada's base metals to the Mother country.

Coincidentally the United States, formerly Canada's "best customer," have erected insurmountable barriers against most Canadian base metals, with imports in 1934 less than half that of 1932. This retarding influence, that reacted in a deep slump in Canadian mining for a short time, has been more than offset by the increase in sales to Great Britain; the exports of nickel, copper, zinc, and lead, increasing from 294,800,000 pounds in 1932 to 541,400,000 pounds in 1934.

The real value of this increase may be better appreciated if we compare it with the position of agriculture, Canada's major industry. In the Province of Ontario, the 1933 statistics showed her as the leading Canadian province in field crop production, yet last year the mining industry had eclipsed field crops in value.

In round figures, the export of gold from Canada during 1934 averaged about £1,650,000 per month; nickel about £550,000 per month; and copper about £400,000 per month. Together with zinc, platinum, silver, lead, asbestos, coal, cobalt, gypsum, and other minerals, the total mineral export per month exceeded £3,010,000; or only 16 per cent. less than the total agricultural exports of the Dominion.

Canada already mines about 90 per cent. of the world's nickel, and about the same in asbestos. She ranks next to South Africa as a gold producer; second to Russia in platinum; third to the United States and Mexico in silver; and takes third or fourth place in the world in the production of the base metals, copper, lead, and zinc.



## New Empire Home for London

**B**ELIEVERS in a strong, united Empire will welcome a decision reached at a recent meeting of the Council of the Royal Empire Society.

At last there is to be in central London a building which will constitute in very truth a home for all the loyal overseas subjects of His Majesty, regardless of race, creed or colour.

The Royal Empire Society has entrusted to the firm of Sir Walter Lawrence & Son, Ltd., the erection in Northumberland Avenue of a great building to the plans of Sir Herbert Baker, R.A., the cost of which will be in the vicinity of £200,000, exclusive of the value of the site of 11,000 square feet, which has been purchased by the Society, thanks to the generosity of its Fellows and supporters over a long term of years.

In the new building there will be an Assembly Hall for the discussion of Empire problems; a dignified home for the Society's great Library, devoted to all Empire subjects; a great Dining Room for the holding of Empire banquets, and, lastly, some fifty or sixty bedrooms to be used largely by overseas visitors.

The financing of this great project has been no easy matter, and it is comprehensible that the President of the Society, H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, is "urging upon all who realize what the unity and integrity of our great Empire stand for" to "do their best in support" of it.

To meet, or at least reduce, the increased expenditure which the Society will incur, an earnest appeal is being made for the sum of £100,000.

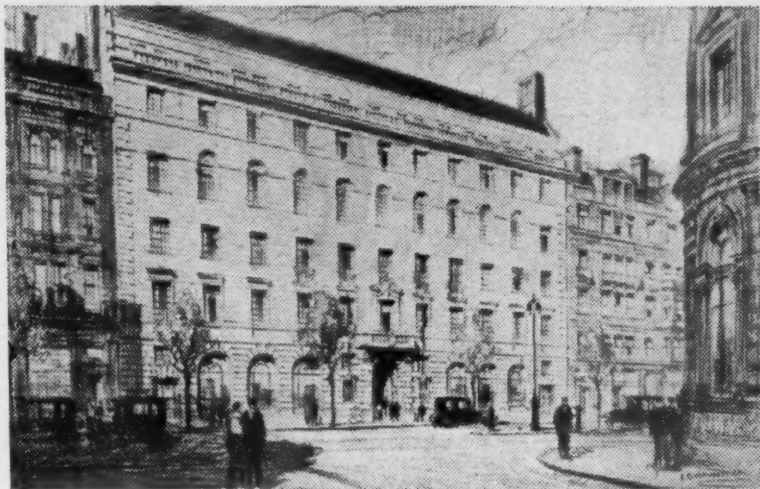
Already generous contributions are being received from City Companies, the Banks, and all those public-spirited persons who realize the indispensability of Empire unity to a recovery of the economic prosperity of the British peoples at home and overseas.

## Opposition to Kenya Land Report

**O**PPPOSITION to the Kenya Land Commission Report is being put forward by the London Group on African Affairs, partly on the grounds that the loyalty of Africans in Kenya, which they claim is already strained.

The report recommended the delimitation of areas to be set aside for the separate use of Europeans and Africans respectively, and the Secretary of State for the Colonies has stated his intention to give effect thereto by the issue of an Order-in-Council.

Mr. F. S. Livie-Noble, secretary of the Group, told the *Saturday Review*: "Europeans in Kenya already hold over 10,000 square miles of territory, of which more



Royal Empire Society's future building, as designed by Sir Herbert Baker

than 6,000 square miles is neither cultivated nor used for grazing. Yet it is proposed in the Morris Carter Report to alienate still further land to exclusive European use, bringing the total up to some 16,700 square miles.

"The report does not emphasise that part of the proposed additional areas comprise State Forest Lands on which Africans depend for their very existence. Nor does it mention that the proposed additional territories include Mount Kenya itself, traditionally the home of the Deity. Surely it is not customary British Colonial Policy thus ignorantly to flaunt Native religious tradition.

"On the surface it might appear that the proposal to give over 5,000 square miles to the exclusive use of Africans would constitute some reasonable compensation for their loss of territories to the white settler. But this 'gift' is a peculiar one—for some of the proposed gift is already in the undisputed use of Africans, and a great part of the remainder is practically uninhabitable, waterless except in the rainy season (when it is malarial), and fly-infested."

The London Group, at its last meeting, passed a unanimous resolution protesting against the demarcation of Kenya land and appealed to the Government to postpone any such demarcation of territory until both African and British opinion shall have been more fully consulted and until an opportunity can be provided for further discussion by Parliament.

## Silver Jubilee

**A** LEADING silversmith tells me that he is making preparations for the busiest year since the war. The Silver Jubilee is expected to give a really big fillip to the trade, and already orders for souvenirs and novelties are flooding in. With silver at its present price, it will be possible for the leading hotels and

restaurants to give solid silver mementoes at the gala events which they have arranged for Jubilee week.

Incidentally, I am told that a number of the smaller hotels are very annoyed at the publicity given to the effect that all hotels are fully booked for the celebrations. Most of the bigger places, it is true, are booked out, but there will still be room for thousands of visitors during May.

## Mayors to Meet

London boroughs have already started on their plans for celebrating the Jubilee, and I understand that a meeting of the Metropolitan Mayors' Association will shortly be held at which arrangements for civic events will be mapped with a view to preventing too much overlapping. Fifteen of London's twenty-eight boroughs have Socialist Mayors this year, but whatever views the Socialists may hold, public opinion will ensure that the Jubilee is celebrated loyally in every part of London.

Pageants of local history and tradition, especially where local history is linked up with Royalty, are expected to be popular, and a great effort will be made in the way of street decorations.

## Silver Jubilee Tattoo

While on the subject of pageantry, I have just received advance details of the Silver Jubilee Tattoo at Aldershot, arranged for next June. There will be eight performances at Rushmoor Arena instead of the usual six, and the already huge number of performers is to be increased.

The last Aldershot Command Tattoo has been presented, and next June the resources of the Eastern Command will be added to those of the greatest military garrison in the Empire. This means, among other things, that the tremendously popular massed bands will be increased from 18 to 26.

## Progressive British—

By W. A. McAdam, Acting Agent-General for British Columbia.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA** faces the New Year with every prospect of better times ahead. All the basic industries of the Province recorded marked progress in 1934, and with continued improvement in world conditions there is every reason to believe that this upward trend will be steadily maintained.

Timber, which is our leading industry, made remarkable strides. The returns for the year are not quite completed, but a spectacular increase in production is foreshadowed by the fact that during the first nine months of 1934 the cut was higher by 30 per cent. than in the same period in 1933.

A particularly satisfactory feature, too, has been the large volume of shipments to the United Kingdom, amounting at the end of September to a figure representing over 50 per cent. of the Province's entire production. These shipments are gratifying not only as marking a notable development in Empire trade, but as evidence of the growing popularity of our woods in the U.K. market.

British Columbia is a great mining province, and has long held a high position among the world's gold producers. Provisional estimates of gold production for 1934 place it at 307,700 ounces, a new high record for the

Province and one which, having regard to the number of new mines now coming into production, may



Mr. William A. McAdam, Acting Agent-General for the Province of British Columbia, is among the youngest of Greater Britain's overseas representatives. He was born at Manchester in 1889 and started life in the service of the British Linen

Bank, Edinburgh. He sailed for Canada in 1910, and two and a half years later set up in business for himself as an accountant at Duncan, British Columbia. There, in addition to serving as Alderman, and Chairman of the Finance Committee of the city, he acted as secretary to a number of organisations. In 1922 he joined the permanent staff of the Civil Service, and a year later was transferred to London as Secretary to British Columbia House. On the retirement of Mr. F. P. Burden in January, 1934, was appointed Acting Agent-General.

well be surpassed in 1935. The total mineral production for the year

## Columbia

is estimated at \$41,863,000, an increase of 28.4 per cent. over the 1933 figures.

With a long coastline and a multitude of lakes and rivers, British Columbia derives an important revenue from her fisheries. Both in total catch and landed value the fishery production figures for 1934 are considerably in advance of those of a year ago. Canned salmon is our chief export, and the 1934 pack has been well above the average. All told, it amounts to 1,562,344 cases—the highest total of any year since 1930, and an increase of nearly 300,000 cases over 1933.

The tonnage handled by the Port of Vancouver continues to show advancement, and the number of new industries which have sprung into existence throughout the Province during the past year is indicative of a revival of that progressive spirit which has always characterised our people, and which needs only a return to the normal to see once again operating in full vigour.

Altogether, British Columbia can look forward with confidence to a greater improvement in internal conditions and a larger measure of prosperity in trade and industry and the development of her natural resources in 1935 than at any time during the past five years.

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(late Vice-Chancellor London University)  
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# Control of the Banks

(By Our City Editor)

**A**NOTHER "New Deal" has appeared on the horizon, this time amid the waning rays of Mr. Lloyd George's setting sun, but this "new deal" throws no further light upon the political intent than to show us one more scheme for spending public money and proposals for obtaining a tighter control of the banks so that such expenditure may be the more easily undertaken by politicians. Mr. Lloyd George does not draw the joint-stock banks into the picture, but concentrates his attack on the Bank of England which he accuses of being out of touch with industry and tied to the financial interests of the City of London. Certainly it must be most annoying to the politician to observe such a strong, silent, institution as the Bank of England answer-

ing no criticism, however unjust or ill-chosen, conducting its affairs with dignity and efficiency—in strong contrast to the once-dignified House in the other City of Westminster. But it is to be hoped that the politician will realise that the Bank of England is working in the best interests of the country and that success in this direction can only be achieved without political interference. In the past, the relations between the Bank and the Treasury have been the envy of every other country. Let them remain so!

## Growth of Bank Deposits

The balance-sheets of the "Big Five" joint-stock banks, Barclays, Lloyds, Midland, National Provincial, and Westminster show that the banks

## BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

WILLIAM FAVILL TUKE, Chairman.  
EDWIN FISHER, Deputy Chairman.  
HUGH EXTON SEEBOHM,  
WILLIAM MACNAMARA GOODENOUGH, Vice-Chairmen.  
General Managers: A. W. TUKE, W. O. STEVENSON, N. S. JONES.  
Foreign General Manager: B. J. FOSTER.

### Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1934

LIABILITIES		£	£
Current Deposit and other Accounts, including Reserve for Income Tax and Contingencies and Balance of Profit and Loss	368,850,884		
Balances in Account with Subsidiary Banks	11,242,875		
			380,093,759
Acceptances and Endorsements, &c., for account of Customers			7,205,554
Paid-up Capital			15,858,217
Reserve Fund			10,250,000
ASSETS			
Cash in hand, and with the Bank of England			46,809,954
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection			11,889,908
Money at Call and Short Notice			25,837,900
Bills Discounted			47,572,778
Investments			103,242,464
Investments in Subsidiary Banks (at cost, less amounts written off):—			
The British Linen Bank—£1,238,744 Stock			3,716,232
Union Bank of Manchester Limited—300,000 Shares of £5 each, £2 10s. paid			750,000
Other Subsidiary Banks—including fully paid Shares and 500,000 "B" Shares of £5 each, £1 per Share paid up, in Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) and 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each, 5s. per share paid up, in Barclays Bank (France) Limited)			2,755,143
Advances to Customers and other Accounts			155,979,234
Liability of Customers for Acceptances and Endorsements, &c.			7,205,554
Bank Premises and Adjoining Properties (at cost, less amounts written off)			7,648,363

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are amply provided with resources to meet any trade demands for accommodation and some encouragement may be gained from the fact that, in the main, advances show some expansion during the past year despite the fact that many big industrial concerns have taken advantage of the favourable "cheap money" conditions to consolidate mortgage debts by the public issue of debentures or shares and the banks have been repaid many loans in this way. The following figures show the growth of banking deposits during the past year, with the totals of advances:—

	Deposits		Advances	
	1934	1933	1934	1933
Barclays ...	890,093,759	878,759,772	153,979,234	148,835,468
Lloyds ...	372,140,172	364,553,935	136,301,680	132,966,351
Midland ...	420,793,245	415,474,036	163,815,240	164,440,337
Nat. Prov.	297,129,880	288,239,585	113,898,473	111,817,395
Westminster	805,653,205	294,739,761	110,623,366	102,757,306

It will be seen that in the case of the Midland Bank advances are lower, and in this case the surplus funds have gone into "call money" which is, indeed, quite a feature of the balance-sheets as a whole, the cash position being remarkably strong. The growth in deposits may be taken as a satisfactory reflection of better trade, since the tendency for the whole of the banks' increased resources to be temporarily placed in gilt-edged investments has now been checked. Trade improvement has shown itself so far as to reawaken the demand for advances of a sound nature from the banker's point of view. The views of the Bank Chairmen at the forthcoming meetings are awaited with interest for their review of industrial conditions is both comprehensive and well-informed.

#### COMPANY MEETING

### MICHAEL NAIRN AND GREENWICH

#### RETURNING STABILITY OVERSEAS

The 18th annual general meeting of Michael Nairn and Greenwich, Ltd., was held on the 17th inst. at Winchester House, London, E.C.

Sir MICHAEL NAIRN, Bt. (the chairman), after referring to the loss which the Kirkcaldy company had sustained by the death of Mr. George Smart, the oldest member of the office staff, said that dividends from investments, interest, &c., were greater than last year by £38,883, the actual figures being £234,013 this year as against £195,129 last year. They were therefore again in a position to recommend a final dividend of 7½ per cent., which made 12½ per cent. for the year, and left a sum of £68,101 to be carried forward as against £50,770 carried forward last year. The steady maintenance of a dividend of 12½ per cent. for 12 consecutive years was the best justification of the conservative but enterprising policy followed by the directors of their various subsidiary companies.

Having referred to the Australian factory, he continued: Last year he had informed the shareholders that they had decided to transfer to Kirkcaldy the manufacture of goods being made at the present time at their Greenwich works. That decision had entailed a great deal of scheming as to how best to carry out that proposal, and considerable progress had been made although the work was of such magnitude that it would be a year or two before it was completed. When the new factory for Greenwich goods in Kirkcaldy was completed it would be found that in the industry there was no more up-to-date inlaid linoleum plant in existence, and he looked forward to it being a sound profit-producing unit. While the Greenwich factory was still working, and might continue to do so for several years, the company itself had been liquidated, and the assets merged with those of Michael Nairn and Co., Ltd., Kirkcaldy. As a result, quite a number of economies had been carried out.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

#### COMPANY MEETING

### THE NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

The eighty-fifth meeting of the National Building Society was held on January 18th, at Southern House, London, E.C., Mr. George Elkington, J.P., F.R.I.B.A. (the chairman), who presided, congratulated the members on the excellent financial position disclosed by the accounts. He stated that the total assets on October 31, 1934, were £24,887,687, an increase of £2,111,397. Subscriptions on share accounts were £3,612,038, and withdrawals £1,939,463. Members' capital stood at £22,515,451, an increase of £1,735,505. The advances on mortgage during the year amounted to £4,687,386, an increase over last year of £684,910.

Share interest had remained unchanged during the year—viz., 4 per cent. on share investments made prior to June 1, 1933, and 3½ per cent. on later investments, in both cases free of income tax.

During the year a portion of the society's holding in Stock Exchange securities was sold and the proceeds reinvested in Corporation Loans, a profit of £94,745 being realised. The total investments at the end of the year stood at £1,717,388, and produced an average income of £3 19s. 4d. per cent.

The balance of profit was £1,136,516, of which share interest absorbed £851,061, and the remainder had been dealt with by appropriating a further £5,000 to the staff pension funds and transferring £30,454 to Reserve No. 2 and £250,000 to Reserve No. 1, which now stood at £1,000,000.

He felt sure all would agree that the society was in a very satisfactory and prosperous condition. What had been done showed that an organisation existed to carry on a large and expanding business. Competition for mortgage business continued to be keen, and greater work was entailed to secure the same results as those shown during the last few years. The board had always under consideration ways and means for obtaining a desirable share of suitable business for the society.

The report and accounts were adopted.

## NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Assets £48,845,000

Total Income exceeds £10,343,000

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street